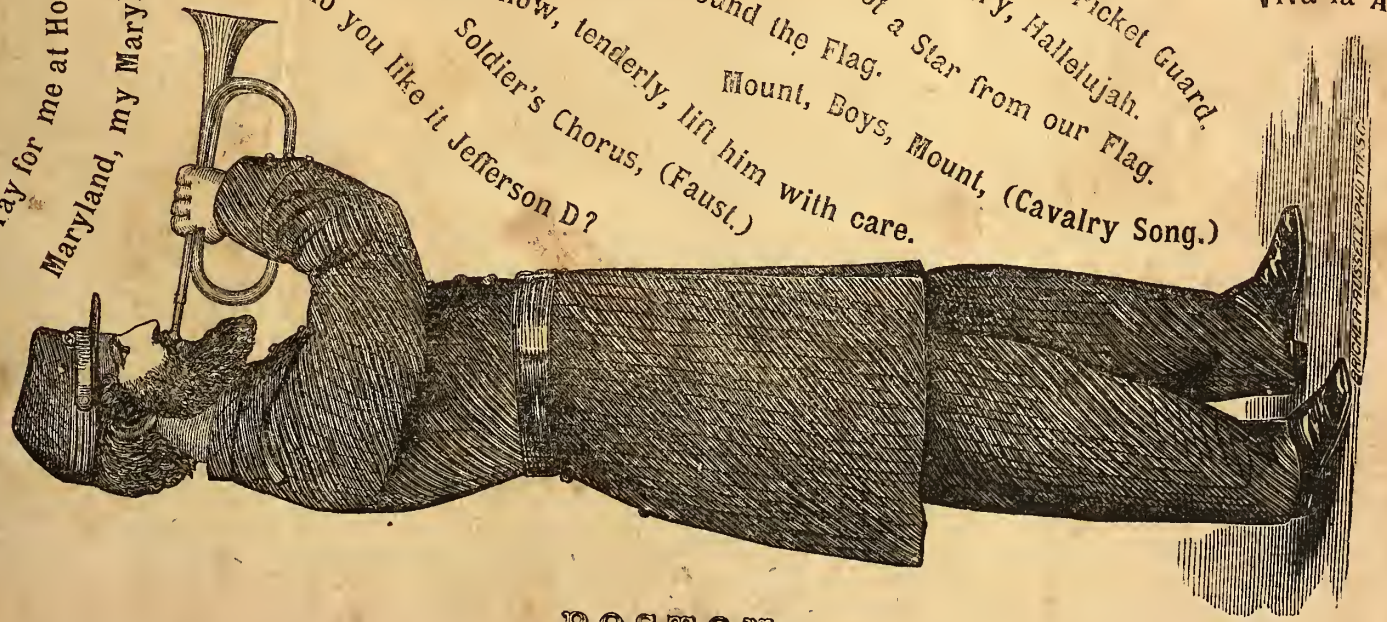
TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.
Garibaldi Hymn.
Do they Pray for me at Home?
Maryland, my Maryland.
How do you like it Jefferson D?
Softly now, tenderly, lift him with care.
Soldier's Chorus, (Faust.)
Rally round the Flag.
Not a Star from our Flag.
Mount, Boys, Mount, (Cavalry Song.)
Glory, Hallelujah.
Picket Guard.
Viva la America.
Mother, when the War is over.



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A. B. KIDDER'S MUSIC TYPOGRAPHY, BOSTON.

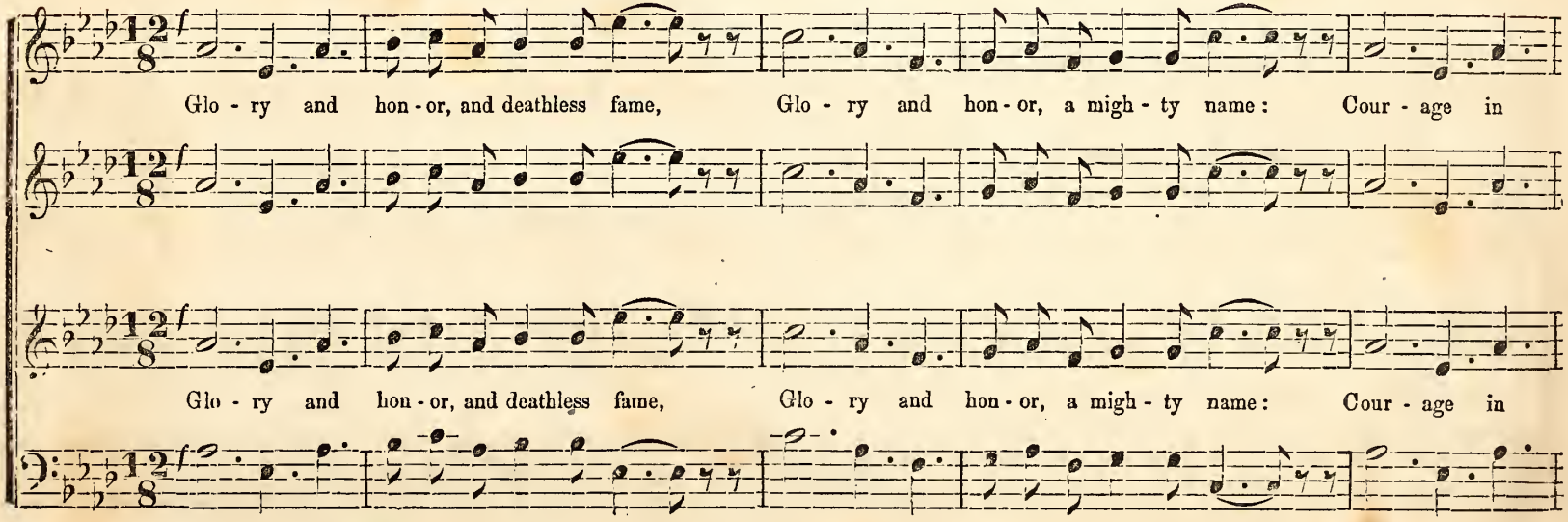
THE

TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.

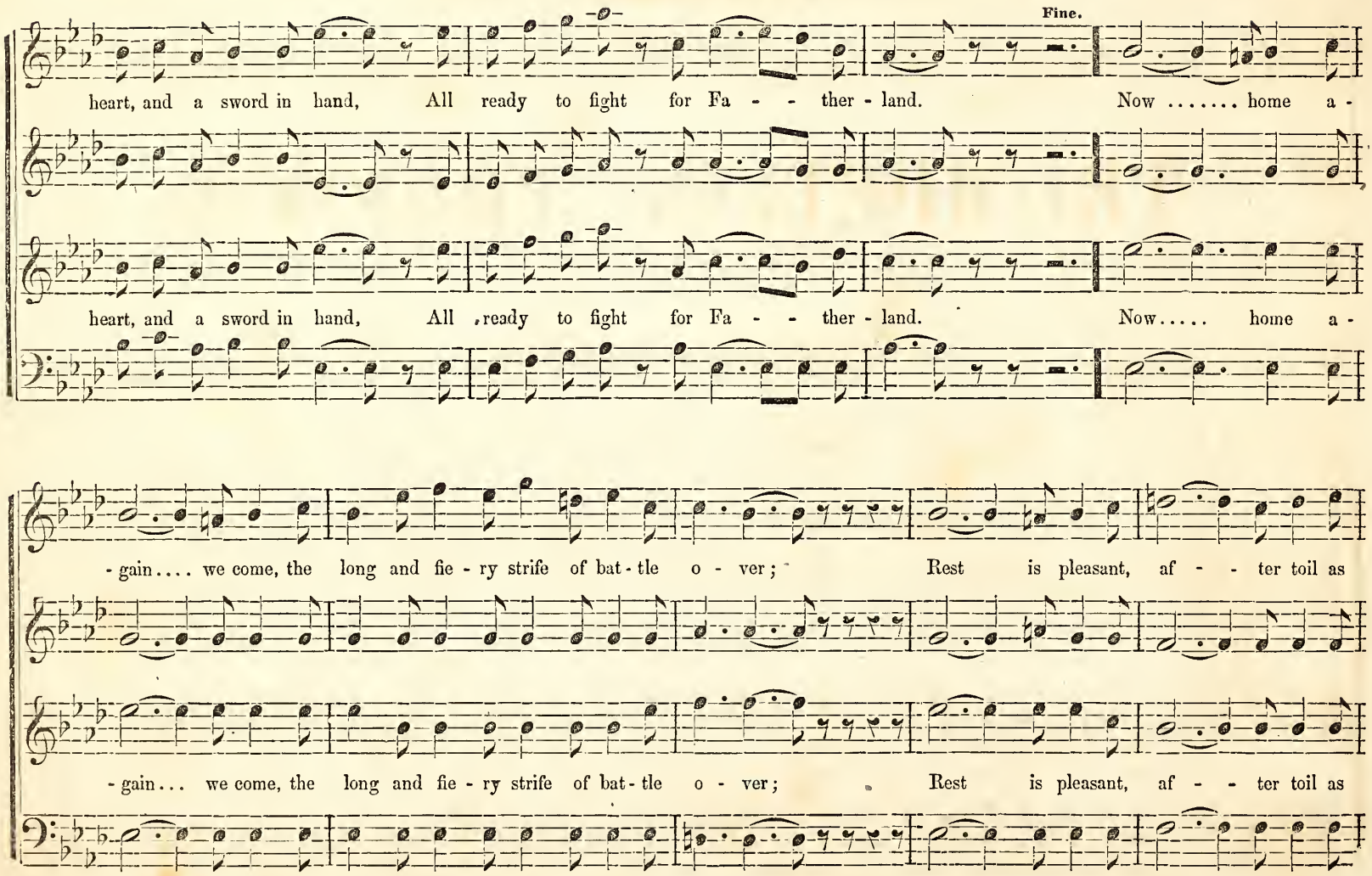
SOLDIER'S CHORUS.

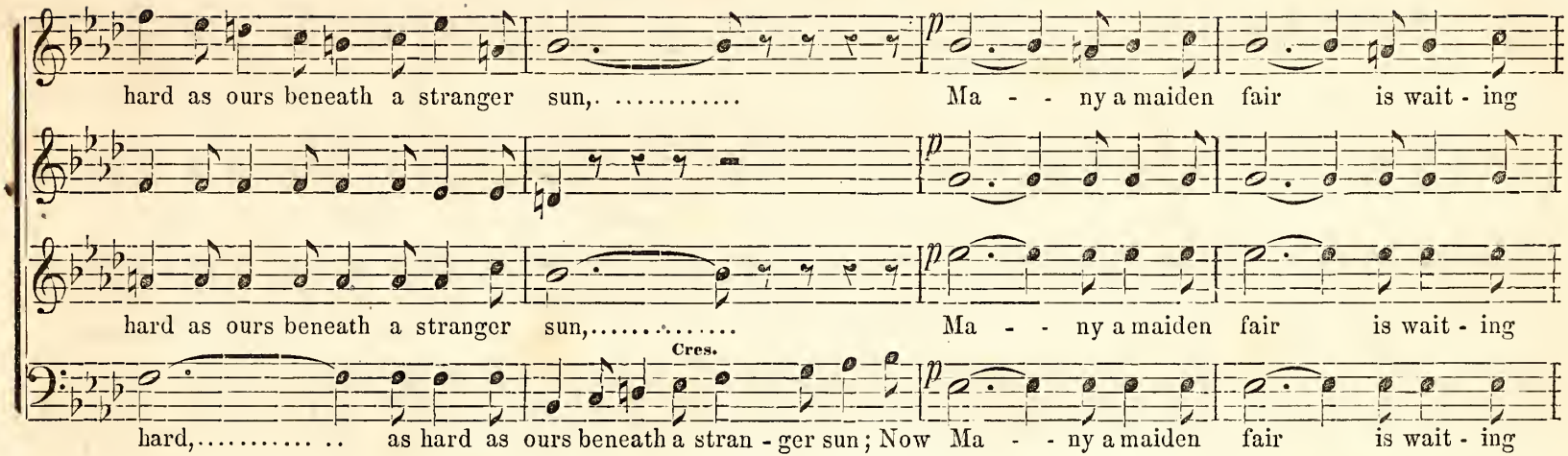
From GOUNOD'S "FAUST."

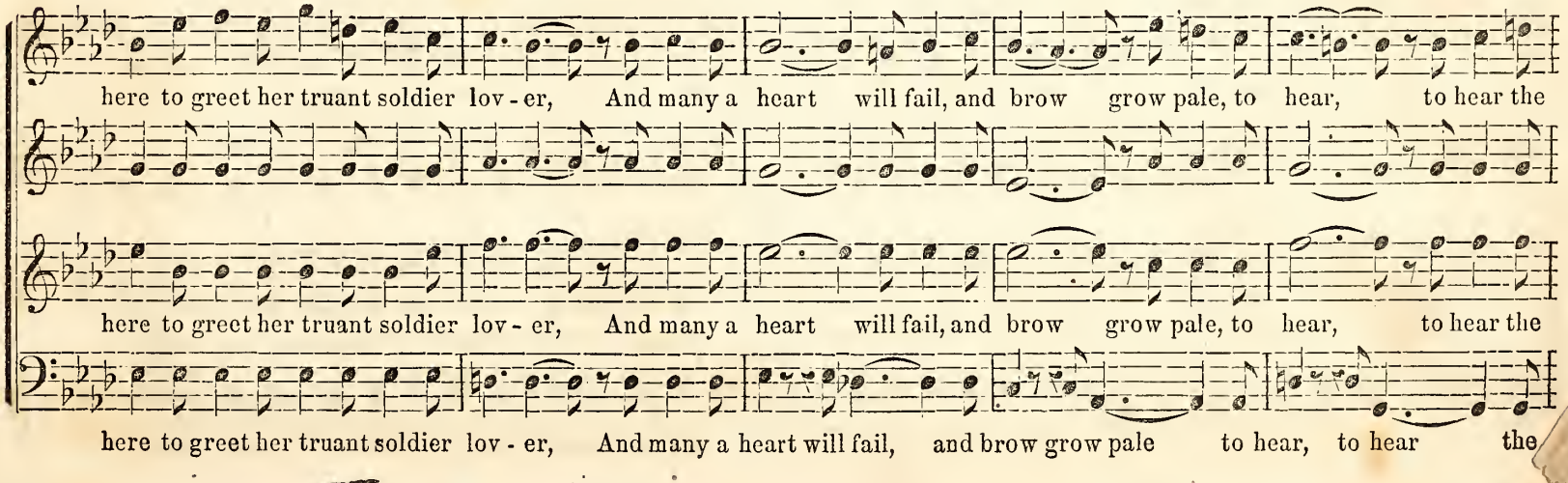
Arranged by E. BRUCE.



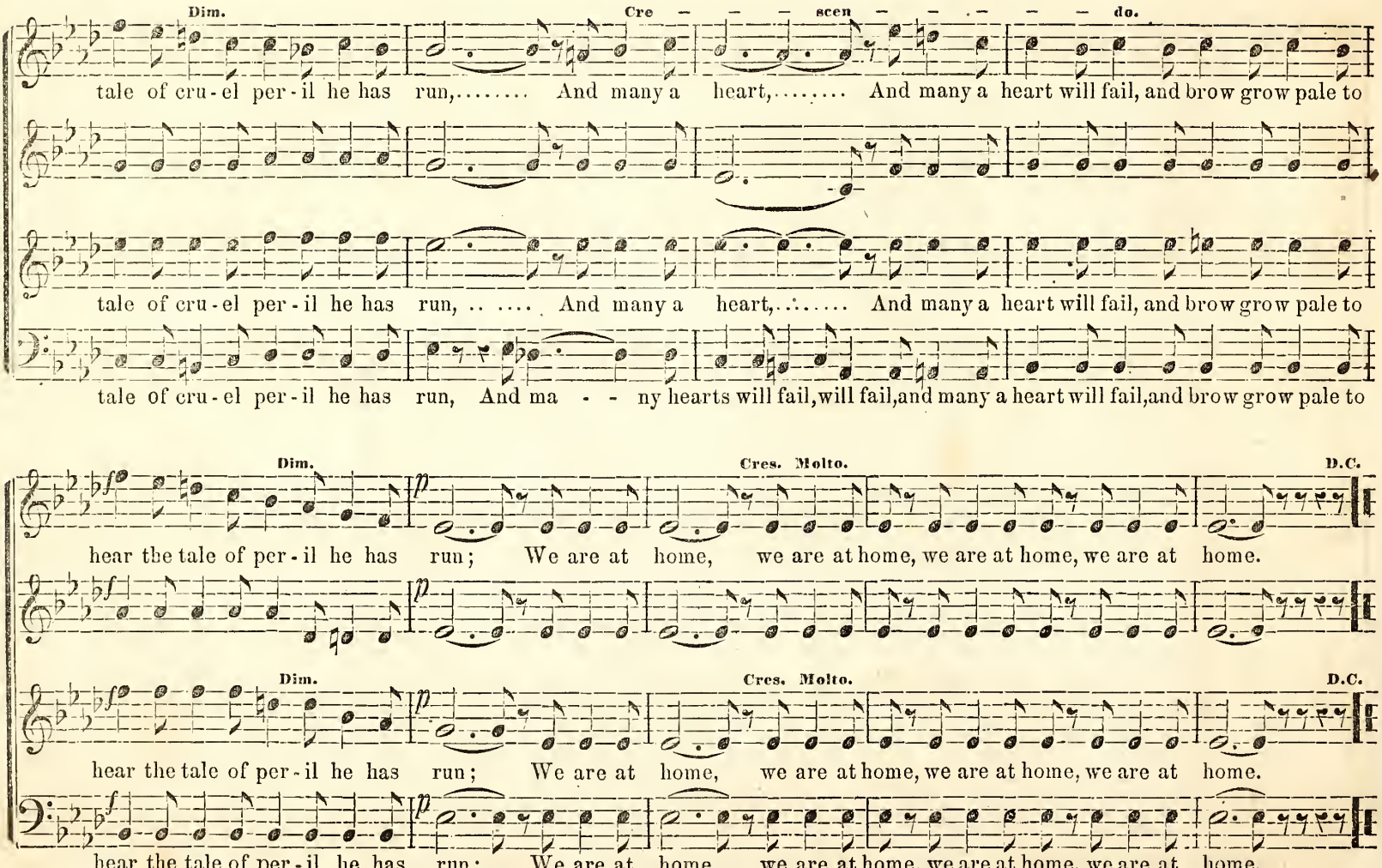
SOLDIER'S CHORUS. Continued.

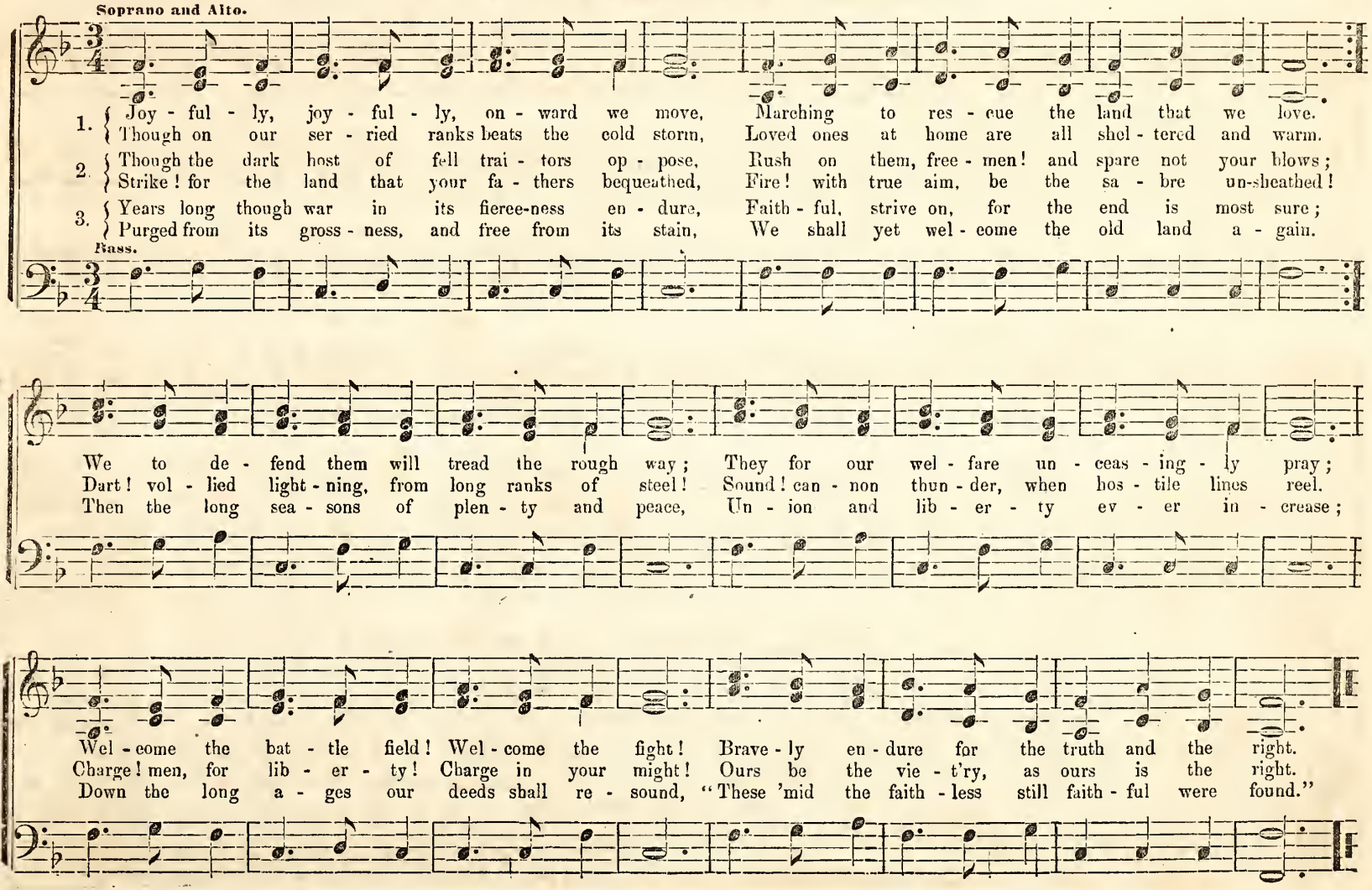



hard as ours beneath a stranger sun,. ..... Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing
hard as ours beneath a stranger sun,..... Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing
Cres.
hard,..... .. as hard as ours beneath a stran - ger sun; Now Ma - - ny a maiden fair is wait - ing


here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale, to hear, to hear the
here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale, to hear, to hear the
here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And many a heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear, to hear the

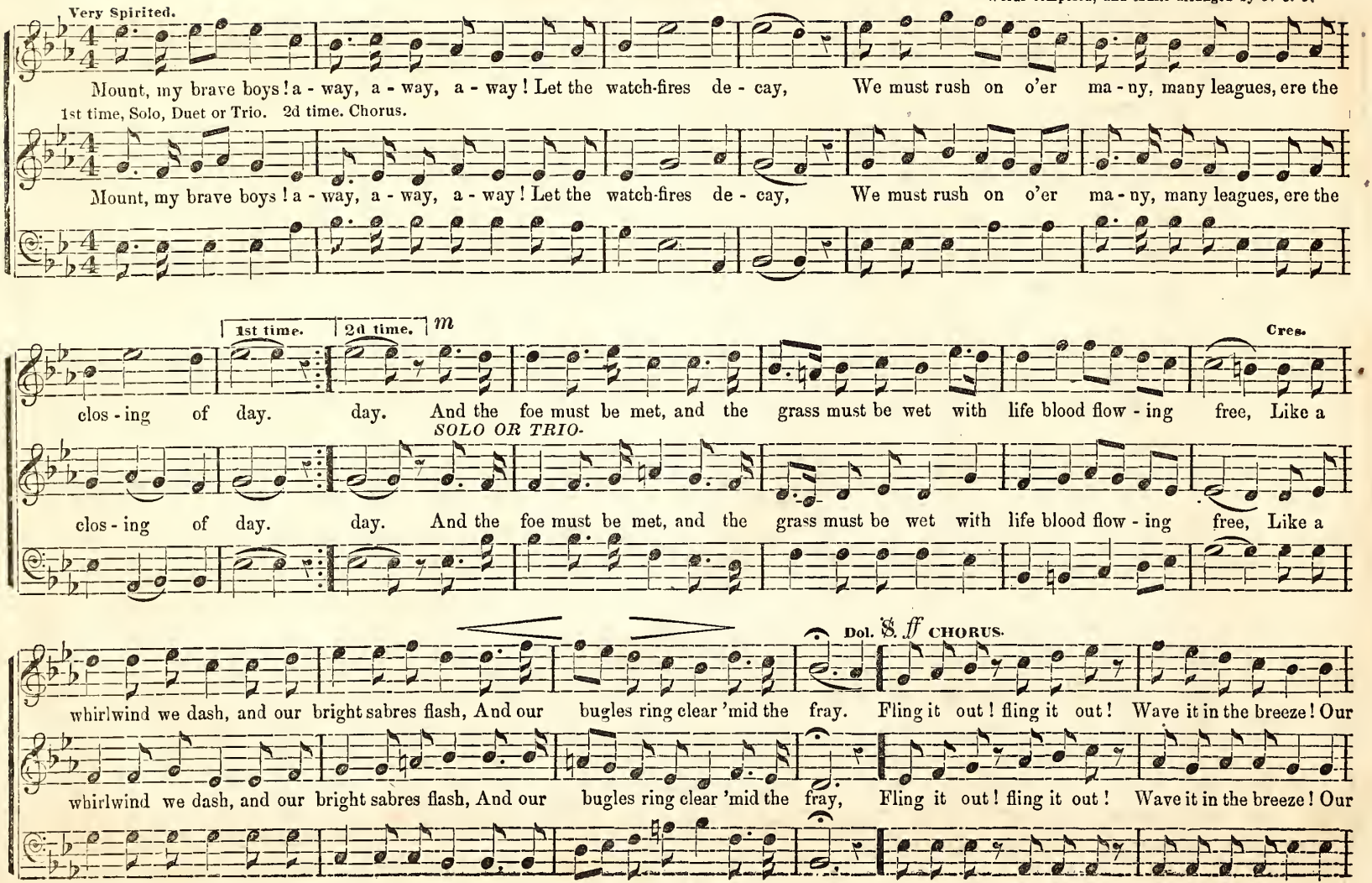
SOLDIER'S CHORUS. Concluded.

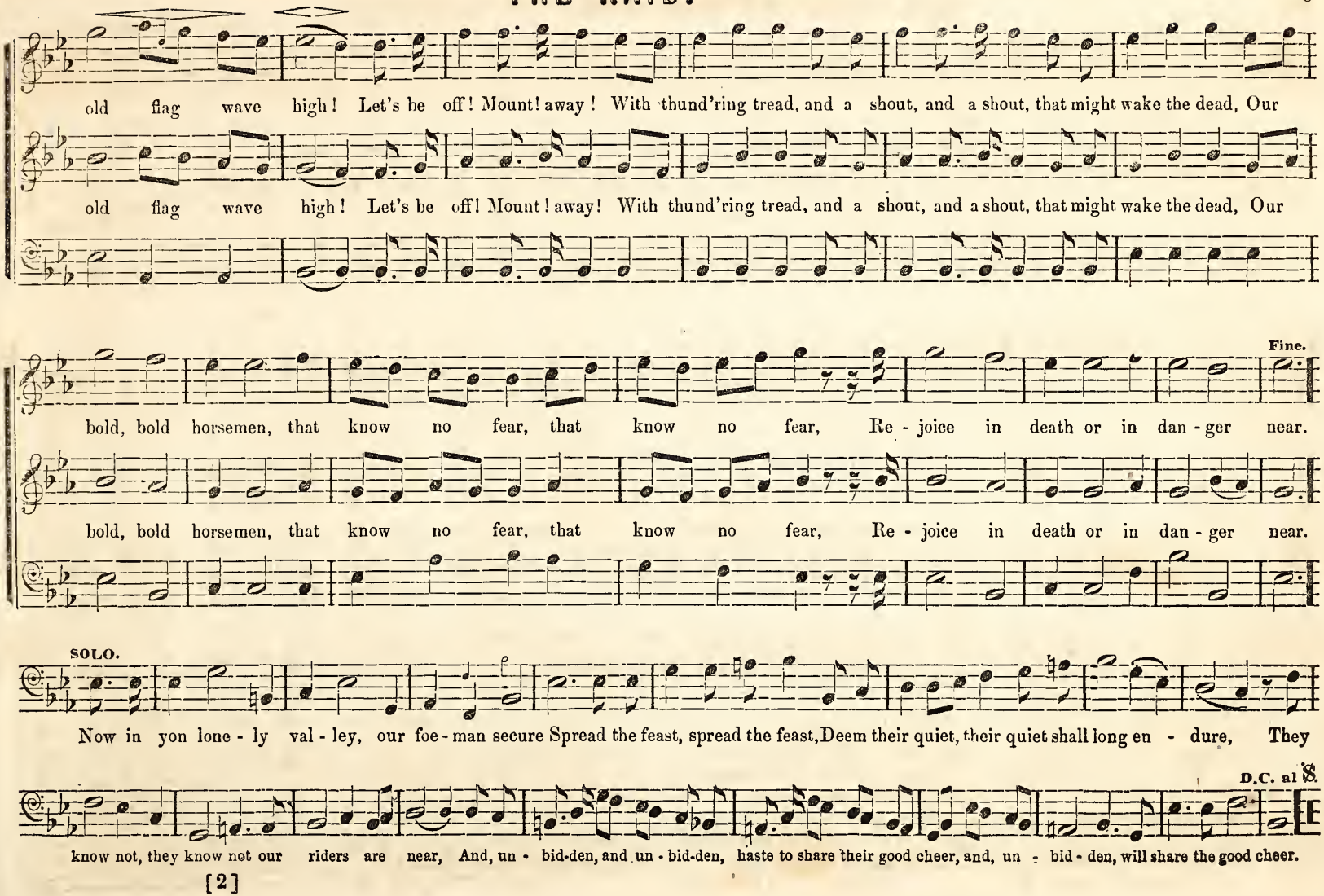



Soprano and Alto.
1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on - ward we move, Marching to res - cue the land that we love.
Though on our ser - ried ranks beats the cold storm, Loved ones at home are all shel - tered and warm.
2. Though the dark host of fell trai - tors op - pose, Rush on them, free - men! and spare not your blows;
Strike! for the land that your fa - thers bequeathed, Fire! with true aim, be the sa - bre un-sheathed!
3. Years long though war in its fierce-ness en - dure, Faith - ful, strive on, for the end is most sure;
Purged from its gross - ness, and free from its stain, We shall yet wel - come the old land a - gain.
Bass.
We to de - fend them will tread the rough way; They for our wel - fare un - ceas - ing - ly pray;
Dart! vol - lied light - ning, from long ranks of steel! Sound! can - non thun - der, when hos - tile lines reel.
Then the long sea - sons of plen - ty and peace, Un - ion and lib - er - ty ev - er in - crease;
Wel - come the bat - tle field! Wel - come the fight! Brave - ly en - dure for the truth and the right.
Charge! men, for lib - er - ty! Charge in your might! Ours be the vie - t'ry, as ours is the right.
Down the long a - ges our deeds shall re - sound, "These 'mid the faith - less still faith - ful were found."

THE RAID.

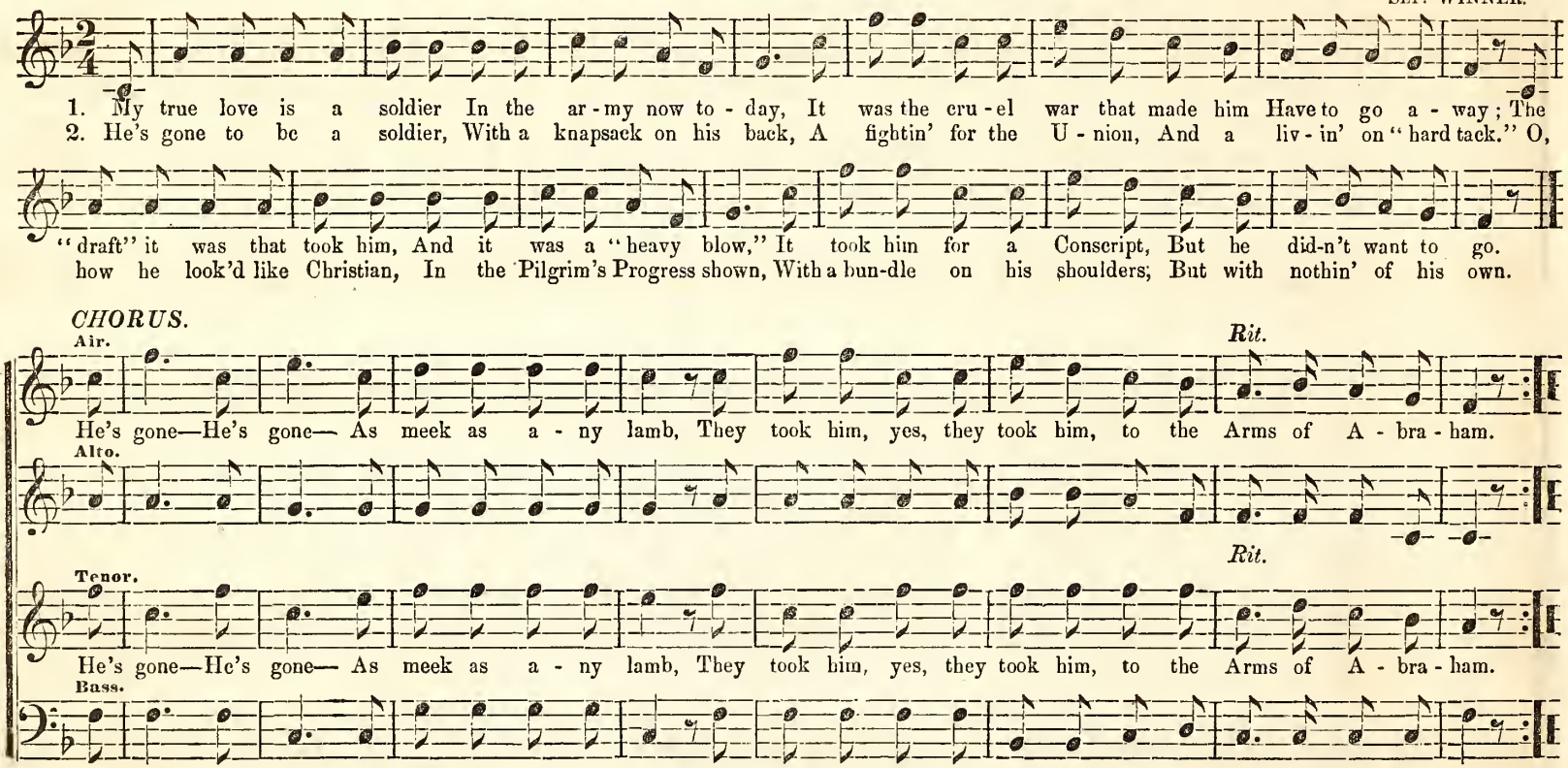
BISHOP.
Words composed, and Music arranged by J. C. J.




old flag wave high! Let's be off! Mount! away! With thund'ring tread, and a shout, and a shout, that might wake the dead, Our
old flag wave high! Let's be off! Mount! away! With thund'ring tread, and a shout, and a shout, that might wake the dead, Our
Fine.
bold, bold horsemen, that know no fear, that know no fear, Re - joice in death or in dan - ger near.
bold, bold horsemen, that know no fear, that know no fear, Re - joice in death or in dan - ger near.
SOLO.
Now in yon lone - ly val - ley, our foe - man secure Spread the feast, spread the feast, Deem their quiet, their quiet shall long en - dure, They
D.C. al 𝄋
know not, they know not our riders are near, And, un - bid-den, and un - bid-den, haste to share their good cheer, and, un - bid - den, will share the good cheer.

HE'S GONE TO THE ARMS OF ABRAHAM.

SEP. WINNER.



3.

Oh, should he meet a rebel,
A pointin' with his gun,
I hope he may have courage
To "take care of number one."
If I were him, I'd offer
The fellow but a dram;
For what's the use of dying
Just for Jeff or Abraham?
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

4.

Indeed, to be a soldier,
It is so very hard,
For when a fellow has his fun
They poke him on the guard:
One day he shot a rooster,
The captain thought it wrong;
And so to punish him they made
Him picket all night long.
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

5.

I haven't got a lover now,
I haven't got a beau;
They took him as a raw recruit,
But mustered him, I know:
He's nothing but a private,
And not for war inclined,
Although a hard old nut to crack
A colonel you might find.
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

6.

My true love is a soldier,
Upon the battle-ground,
And if he ever should be lost,
I hope he may be found;
If he should fall a fightin'
Upon the battle plain,
I hope some other chap may come
And pick him up again.
Chorus.—He's gone, &c.

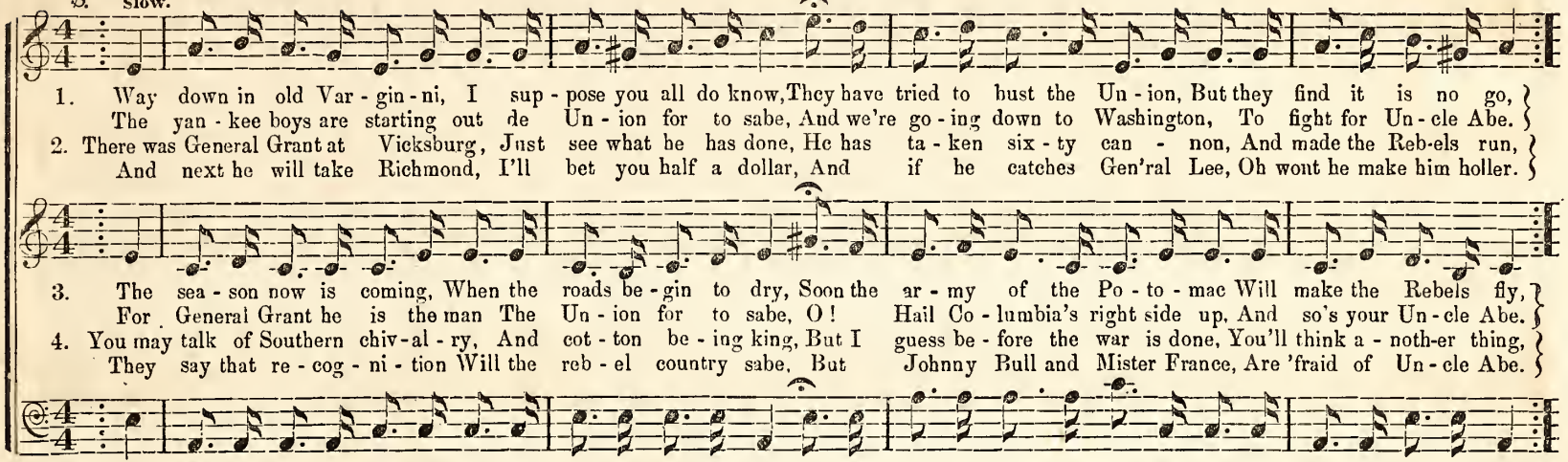
WE'LL FIGHT FOR UNCLE ABE.

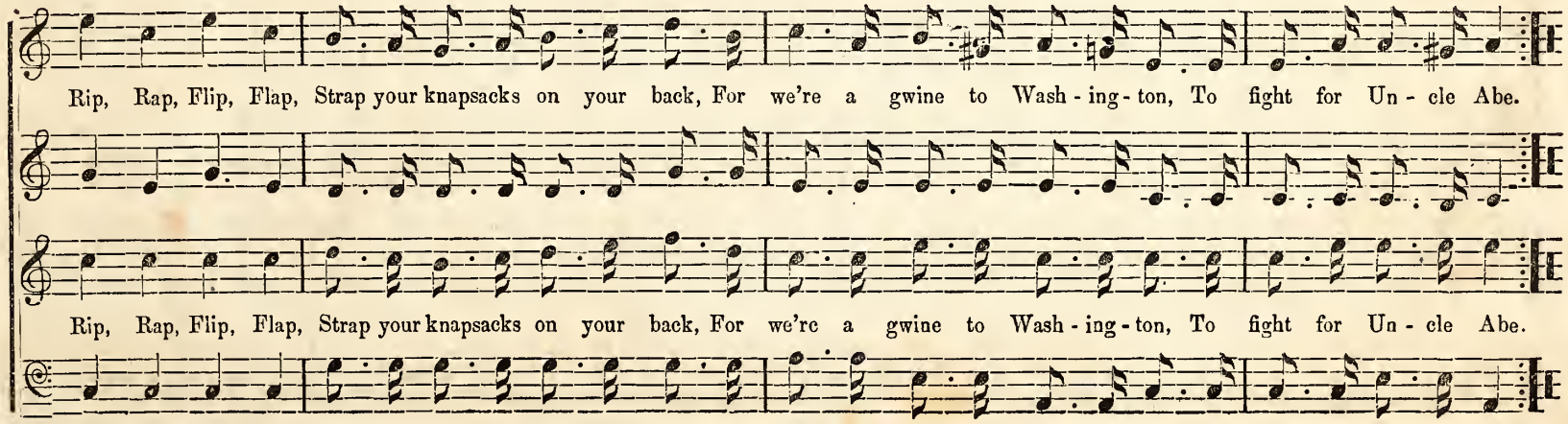
Words by C. E. PRATT.

Arranged by F. BUCKLEY.

SOLO, DUETT or TRIO.

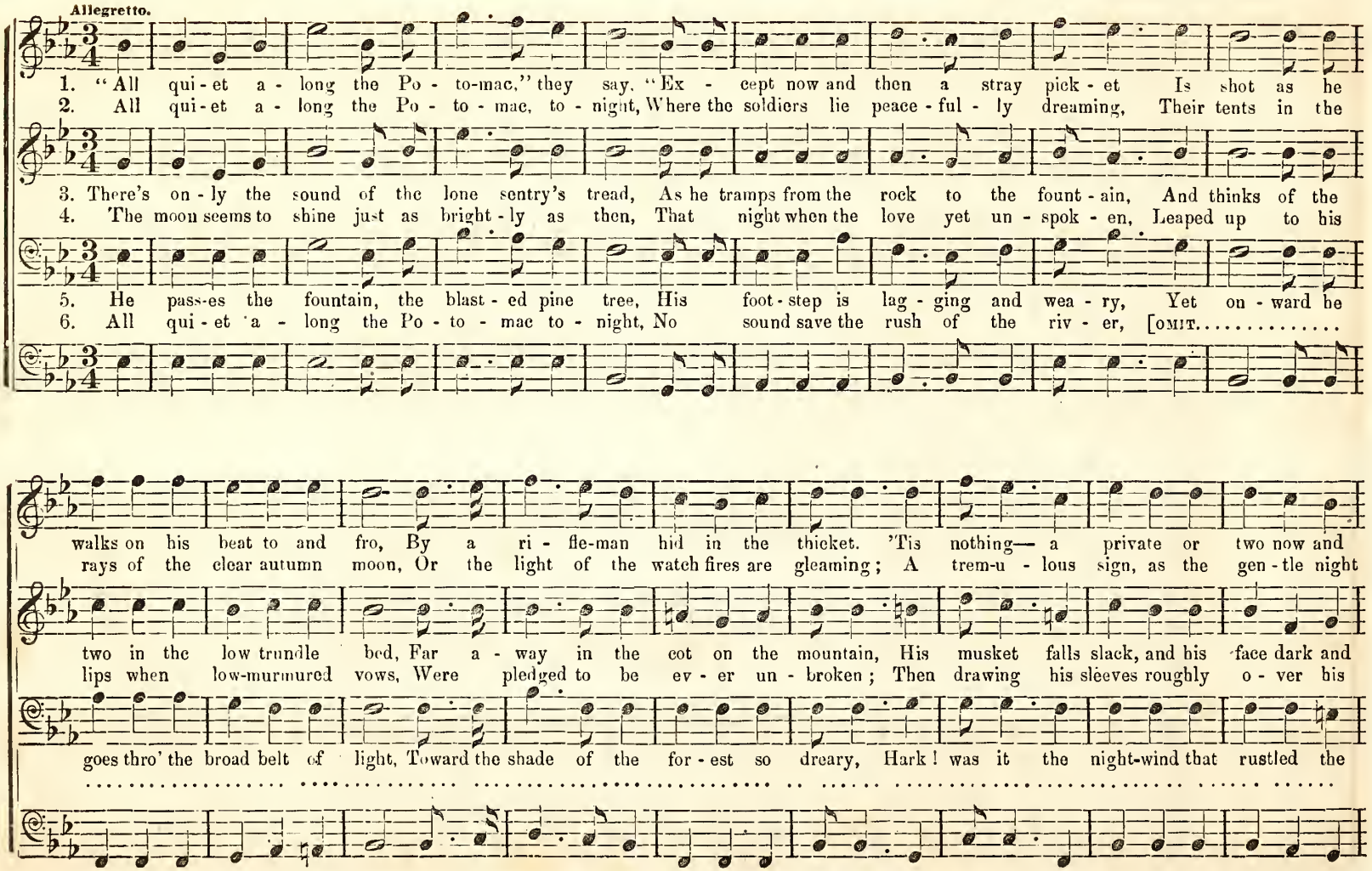
Slow.

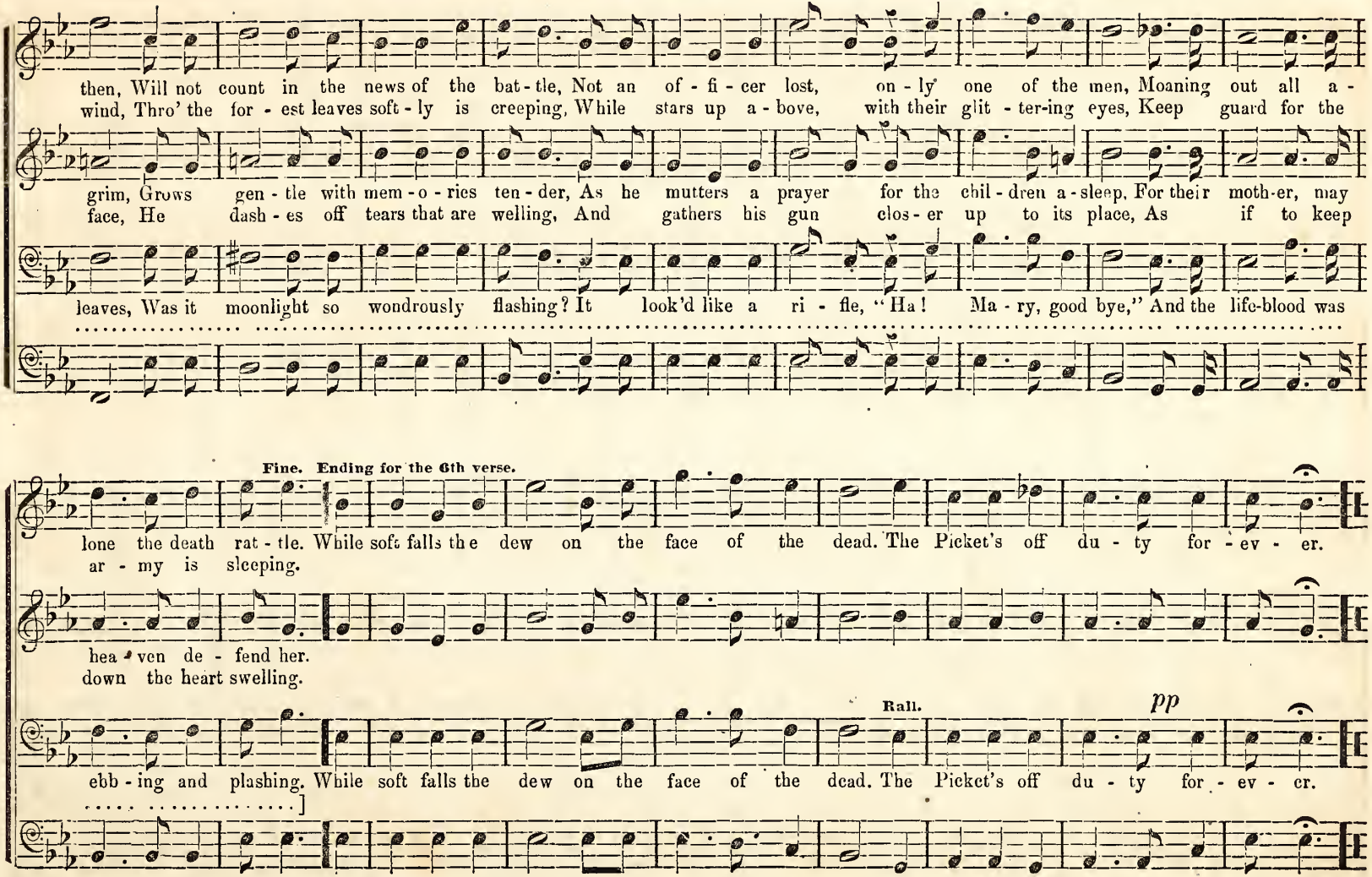




THE PICKET GUARD.

W. H. GOODWIN.




then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle, Not an of-fi-cer lost, on-ly one of the men, Moaning out all a-
wind, Thro' the for-est leaves soft-ly is creeping, While stars up a-bove, with their glit-ter-ing eyes, Keep guard for the
grim, Grows gen-tle with mem-o-ries ten-der, As he mutters a prayer for the chil-dren a-sleep, For their moth-er, may
face, He dash-es off tears that are welling, And gathers his gun clos-er up to its place, As if to keep
leaves, Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing? It look'd like a ri-fle, "Ha! Ma-ry, good bye," And the life-blood was
Fine. Ending for the 6th verse.
lone the death rat-tle. While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead. The Picket's off du-ty for-ev-er.
ar-my is sleeping.
hea-ven de-fend her.
down the heart swelling.
Rall.
pp
ebb-ing and plashing. While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead. The Picket's off du-ty for-ev-er.

UNION AND LIBERTY FOREVER!

W. O. PERKINS.

SOLO. — SOPRANO OR TENOR.

1. Un - furl wide the ban - ner, the flag of the free, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! From
2. From Lake to the Gulf - land we'll send forth the cry, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Till
3. Our Country is call - ing, come forth all ye brave, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Come
4. Come foes of op - press-ion, stand forth in your might, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! And
5. We'll crush out the trai - tor, the Loy - al shall reign, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er! Then

INST. *mp* *f*

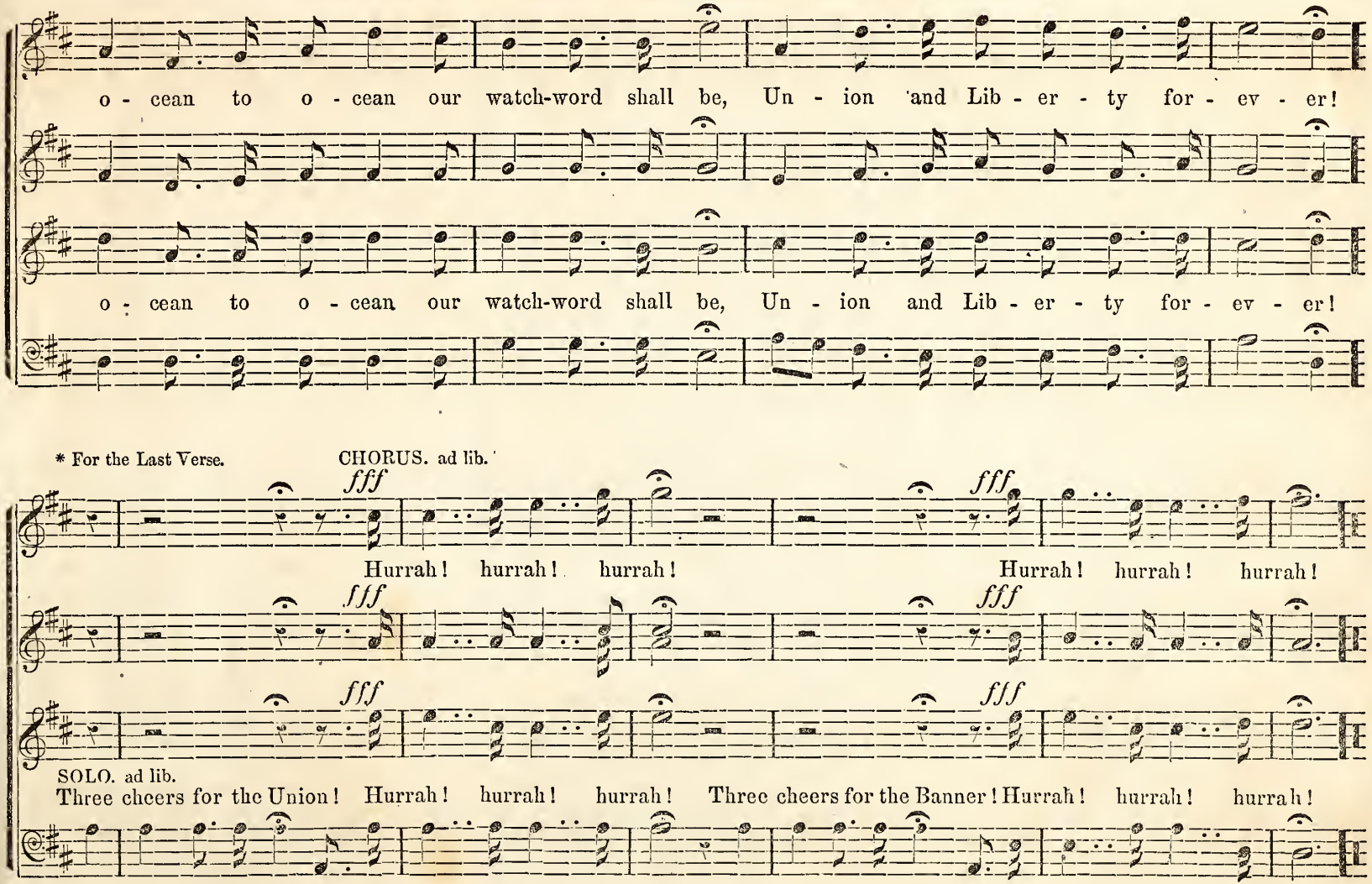
o - cean to o - cean our watch - word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
East, West and South - ward the ech - o shall fly, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
Pa - triots and Broth - ers, the na - tion to save, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
bat - tle for Free - dom, for God and the Right, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
shout forth the tri - umph o'er o - cean and main, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!

mp *f*

CHORUS.
Con Spirito.

Hur - rah for the Un - ion, the Stripes and the Stars! Down with Se - ces - sion, the "Stars and the Bars!" From

Hur - rah for the Un - ion, the Stripes and the Stars! Down with Se - ces - sion, the "Stars and the Bars!" From

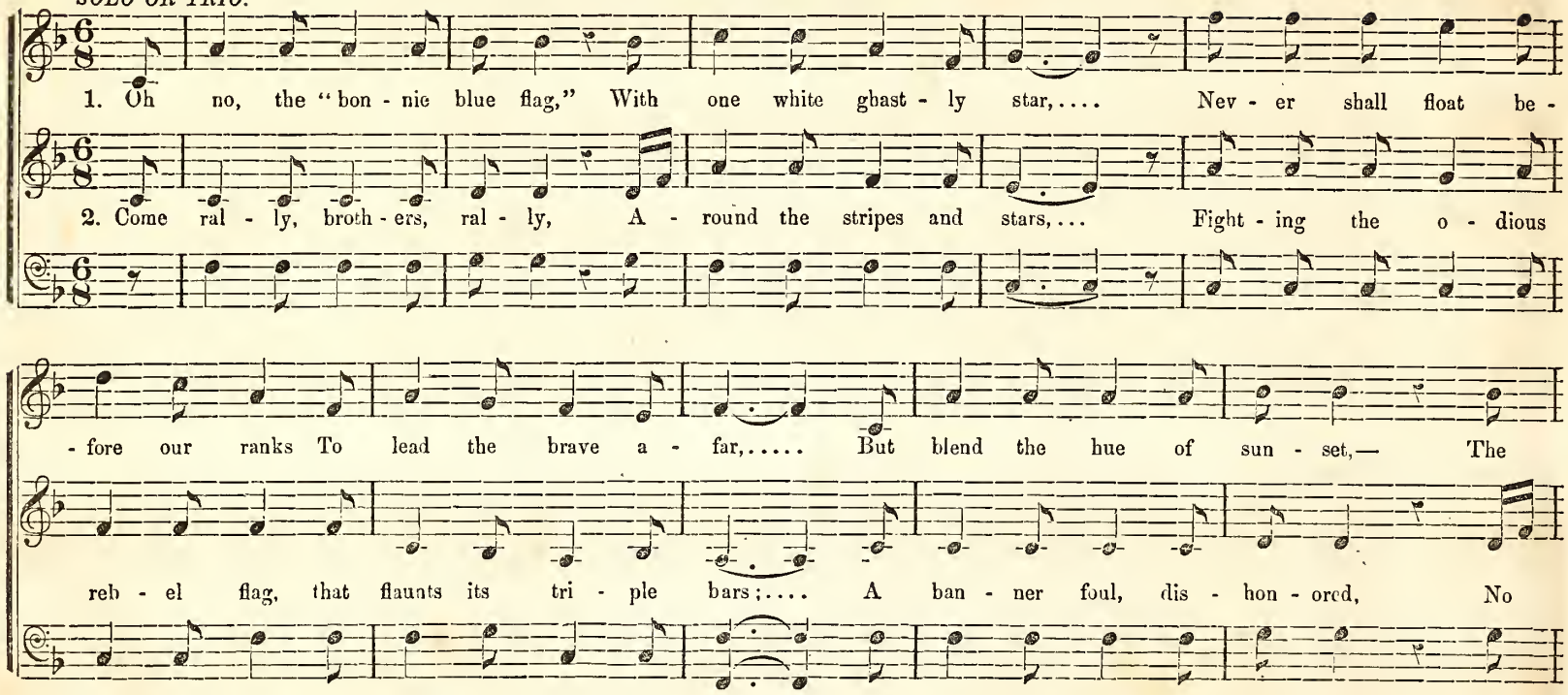

o - cean to o - cean our watch-word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
o - cean to o - cean our watch-word shall be, Un - ion and Lib - er - ty for - ev - er!
* For the Last Verse.
CHORUS. ad lib.
fff
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
SOLO. ad lib.
Three cheers for the Union! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Three cheers for the Banner! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

OUR BEAUTIFUL FLAG.

Or, "THE BONNIE RED, WHITE AND BLUE."

J. C. J.

SOLO OR TRIO.



3

We're all a band of brothers,
We mourn this civil strife.
Still will we smite the rebel hand
That seeks our nation's life:
O, men of sunny Georgia!
Brave hearts of Tennessee!
Ye Texas Rovers! raise again
The banner of the free!

Chorus.

4

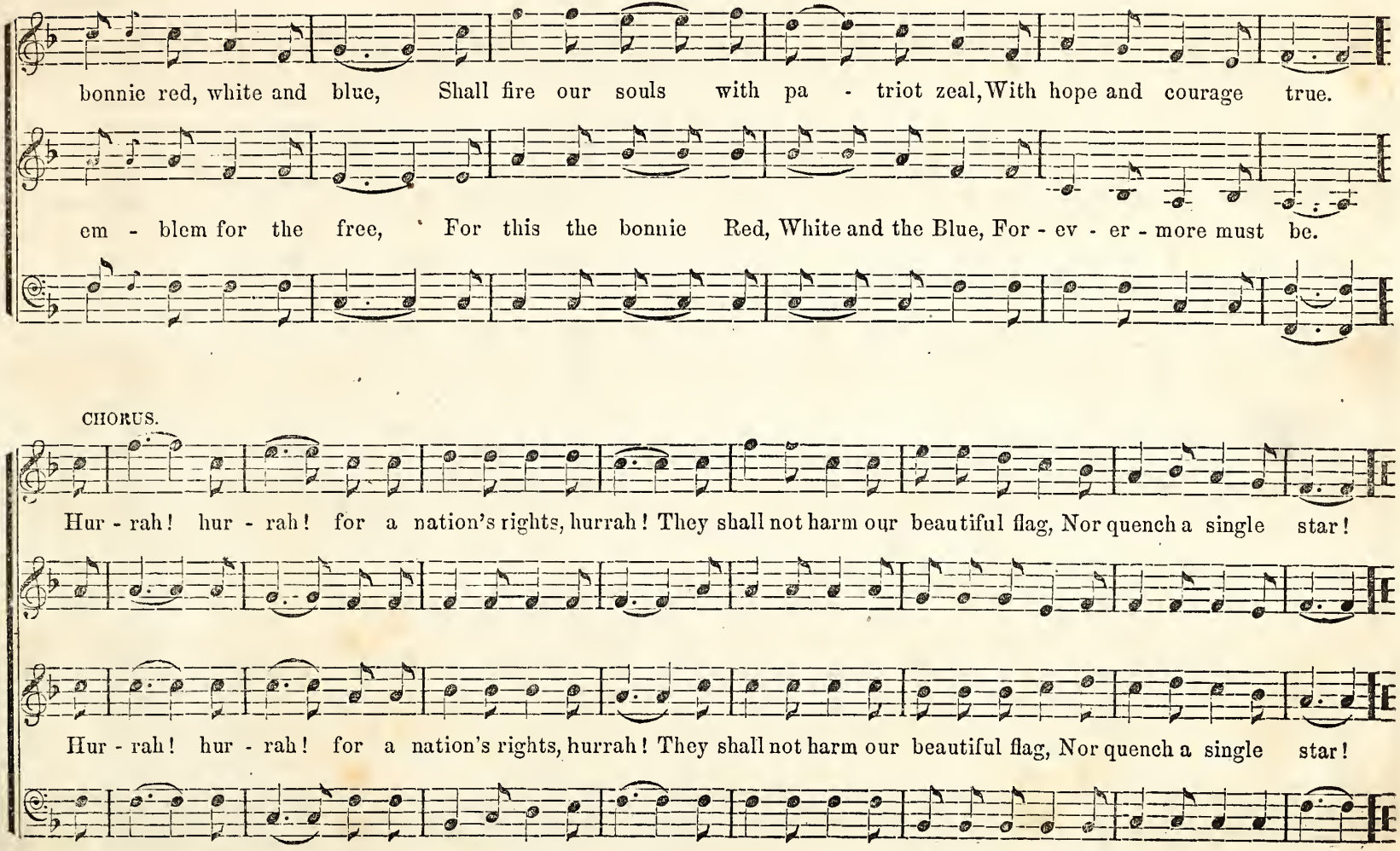
We never wished to harm you,
We'll welcome you again,
When you tear down the rebel flag,
As brothers and as men;
When Sumter's walls were battered,
What could we, freemen, do,
But rally round our beautiful flag,
Of Red and White and Blue?

Chorus.

5

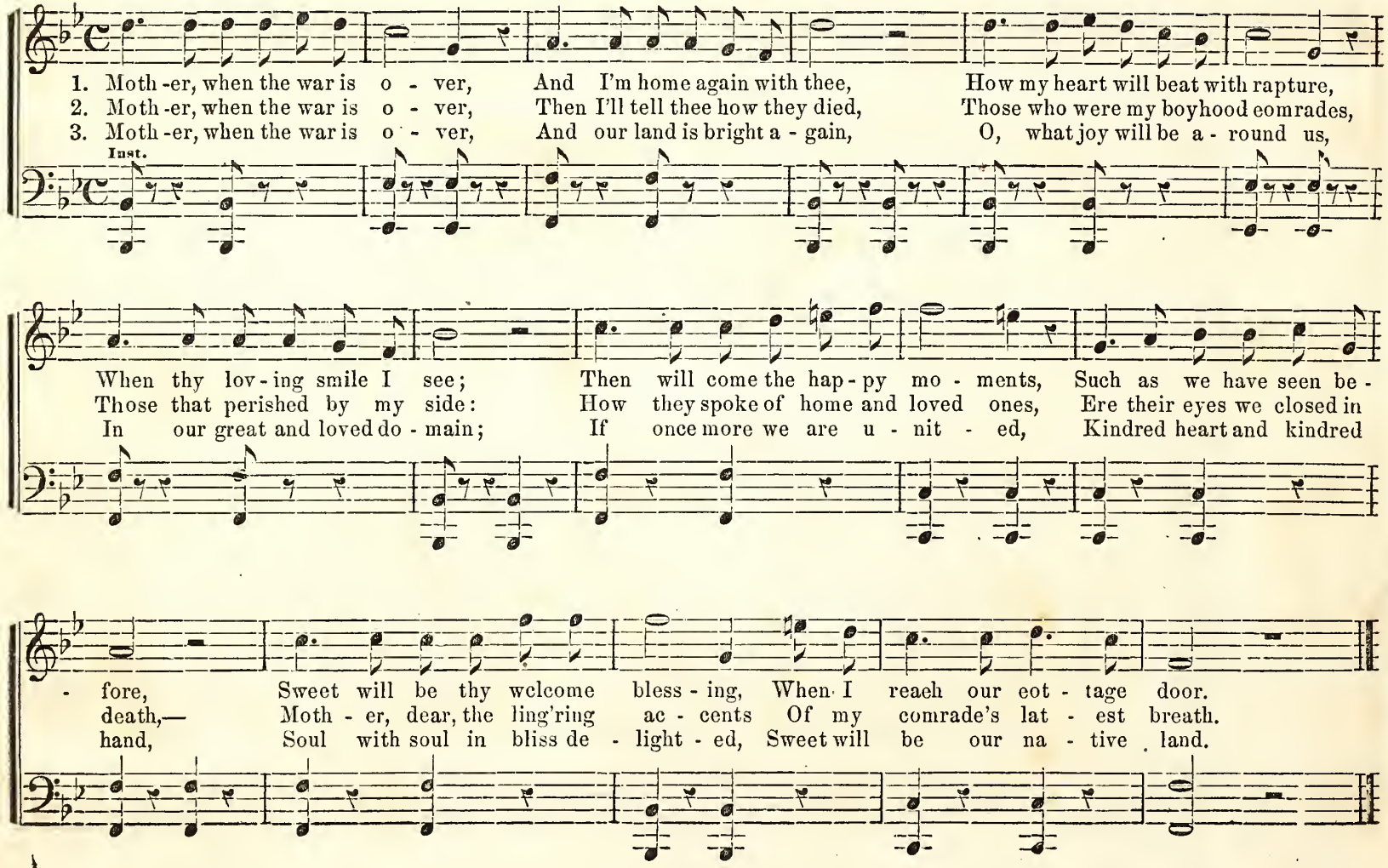
But down with South Carolina,
That haughty, treacherous state!
Humble her tyrants in the dust,
(Forever ignobly great.)
And up with the Southern poor man!
Strike off the captive's chain!
And rally round the starry flag,
To sing in loud refrain.

Chorus.

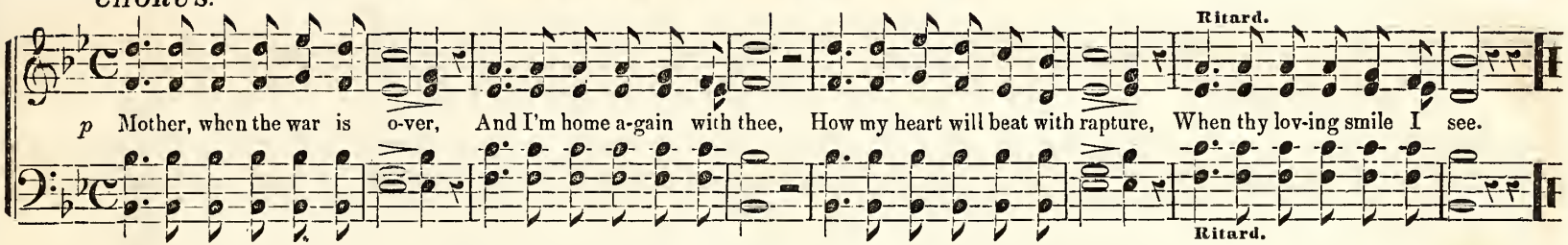

bonnie red, white and blue, Shall fire our souls with pa - triot zeal, With hope and courage true.
em - blem for the free, For this the bonnie Red, White and the Blue, For - ev - er - more must be.
CHORUS.
Hur - rah! hur - rah! for a nation's rights, hurrah! They shall not harm our beautiful flag, Nor quench a single star!
Hur - rah! hur - rah! for a nation's rights, hurrah! They shall not harm our beautiful flag, Nor quench a single star!

MOTHER, WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

J. W. TURNER.



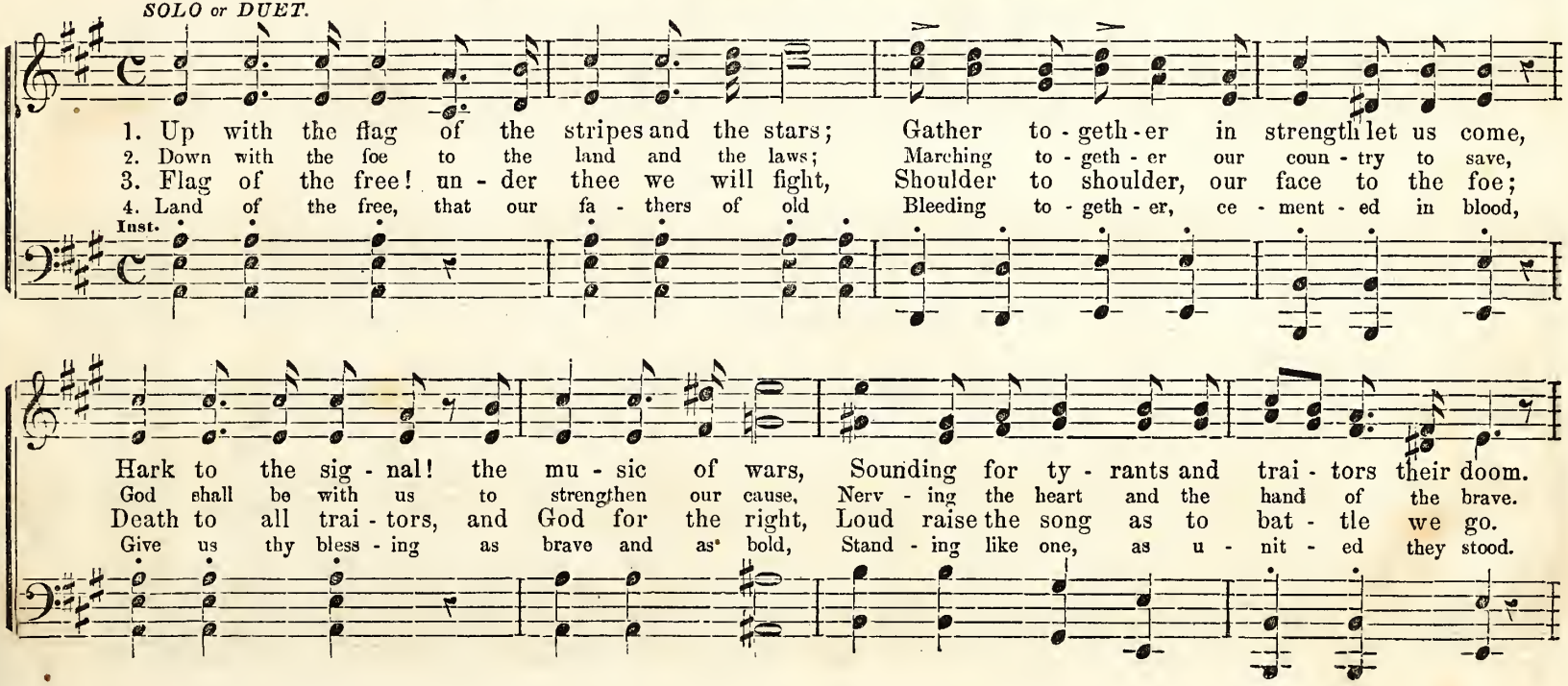
CHORUS.



OUR BANNER SHALL WAVE FOREVER.

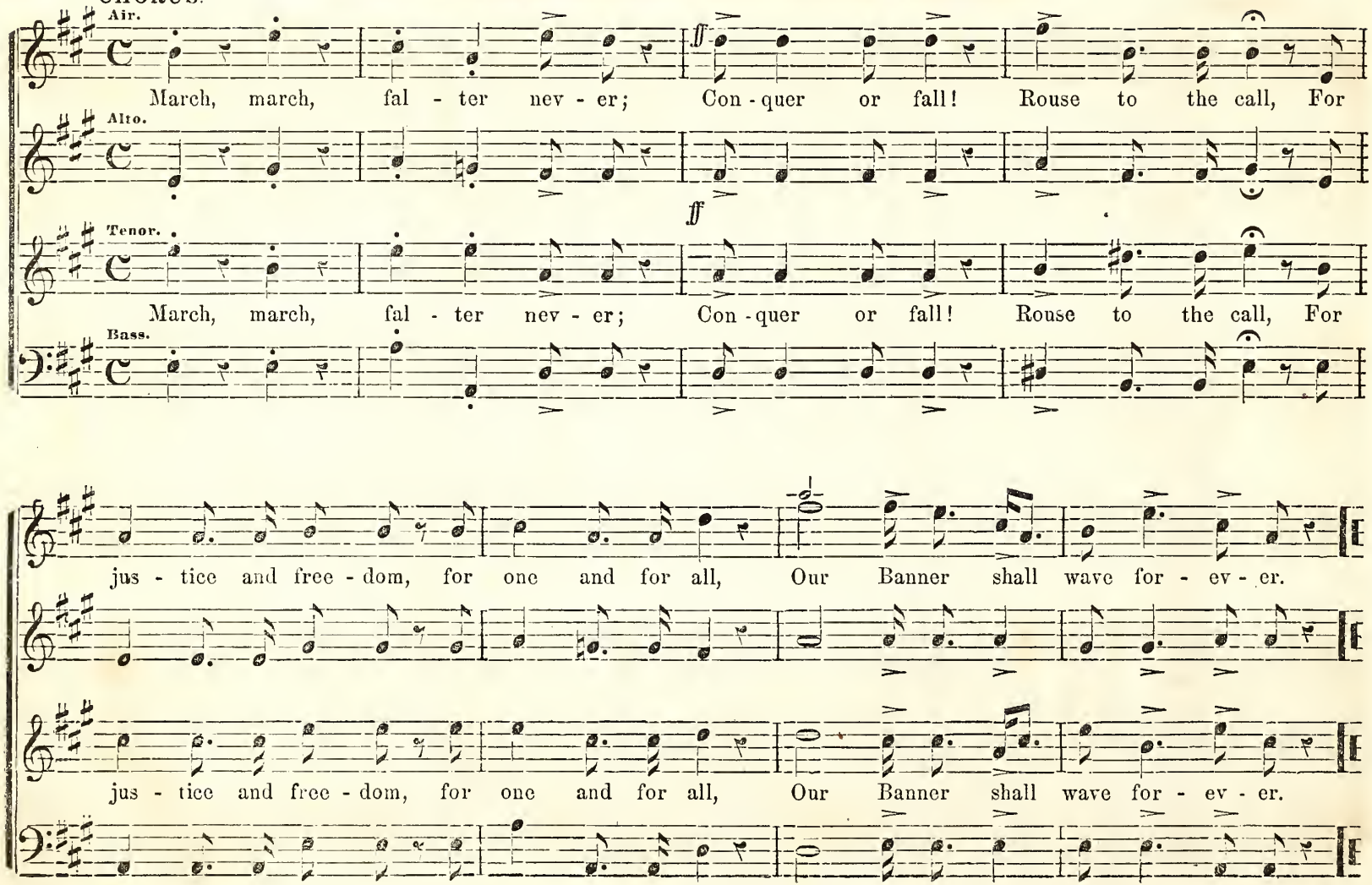
T. H. HOWE.

SOLO or DUET.



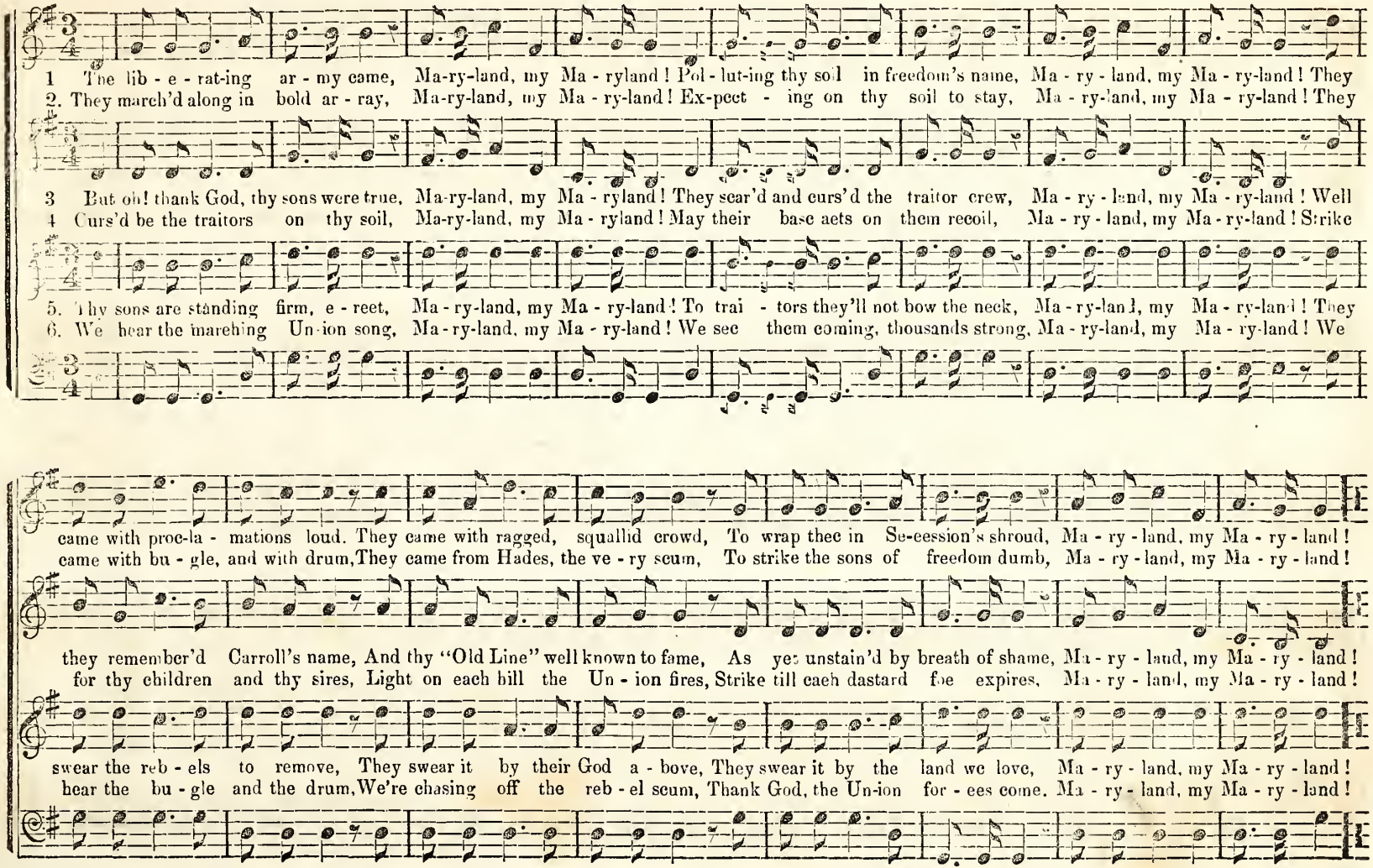
OUR BANNER SHALL WAVE FOREVER, Concluded.

CHORUS.



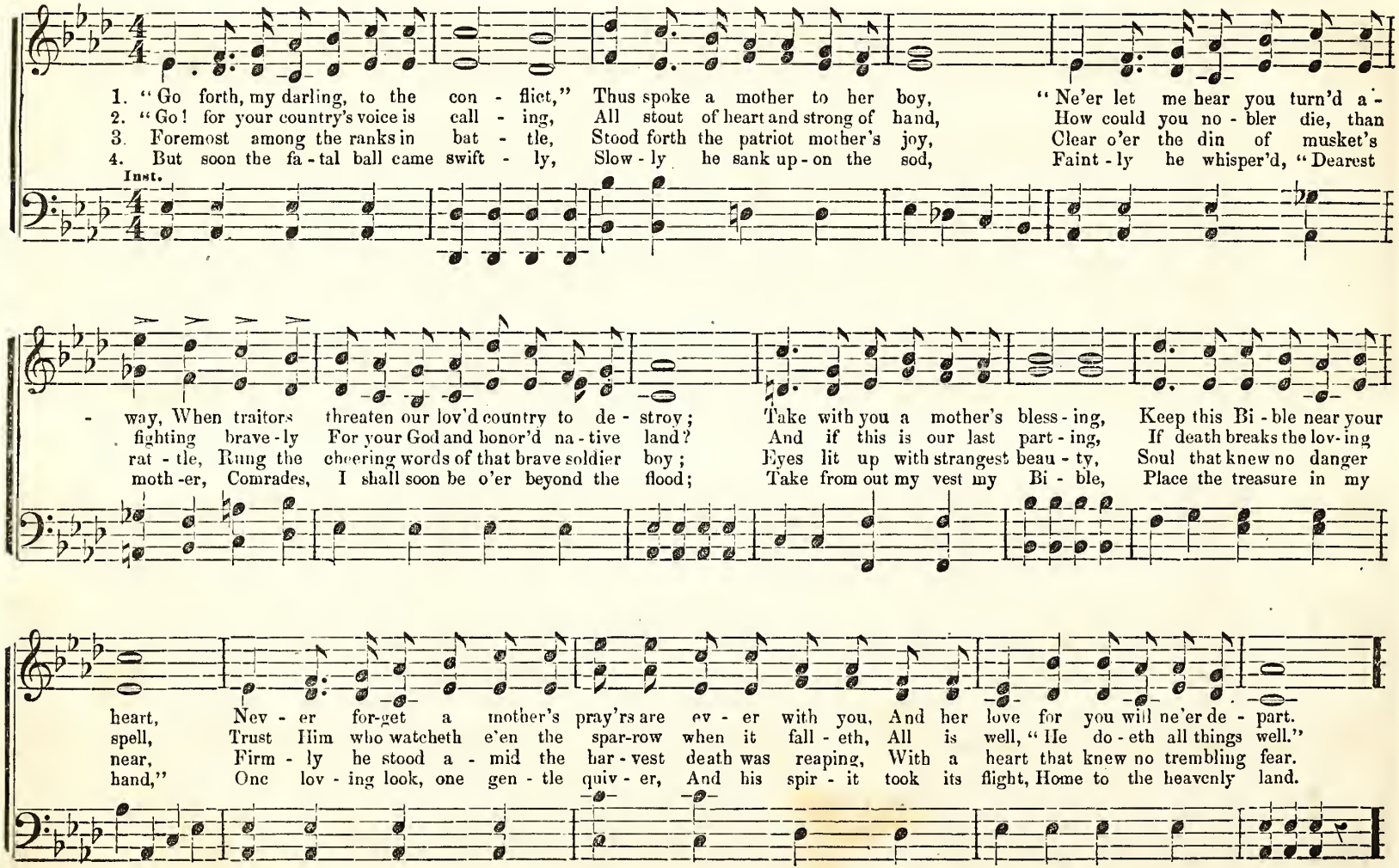
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by FINLEY JOHNSON. J. C. J.

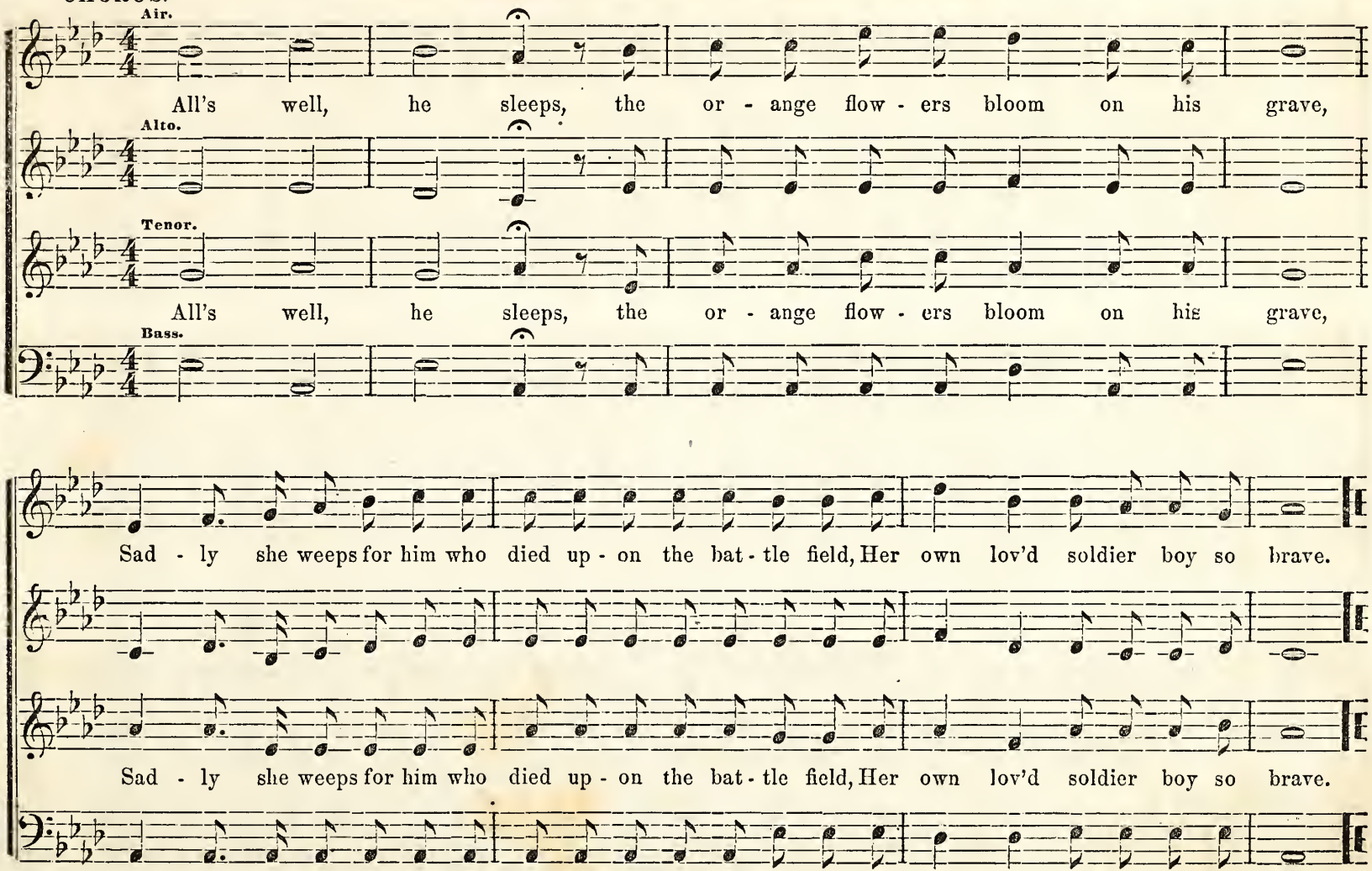


KEEP THIS BIBLE NEAR YOUR HEART.

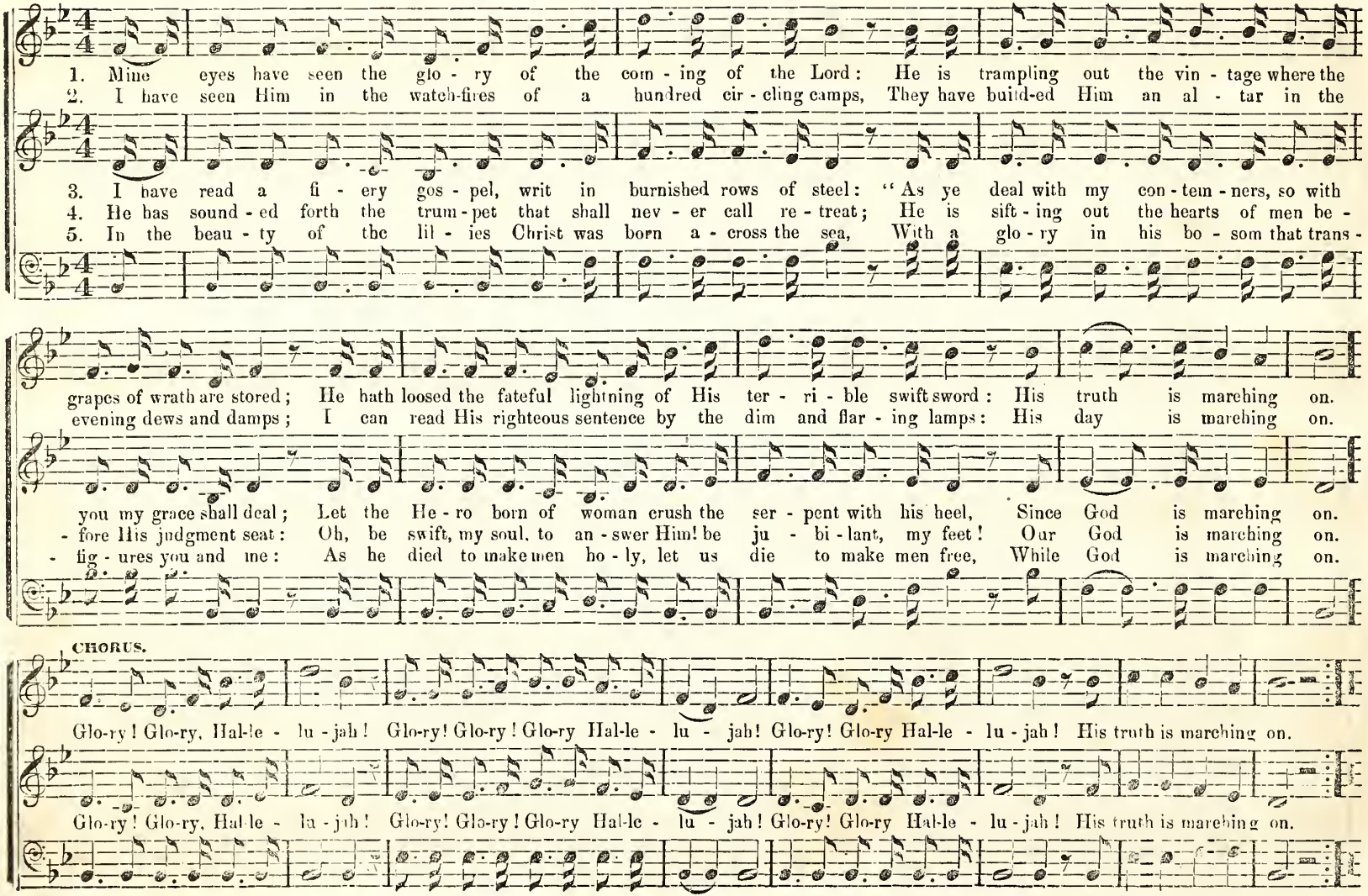
H. S. THOMPSON.

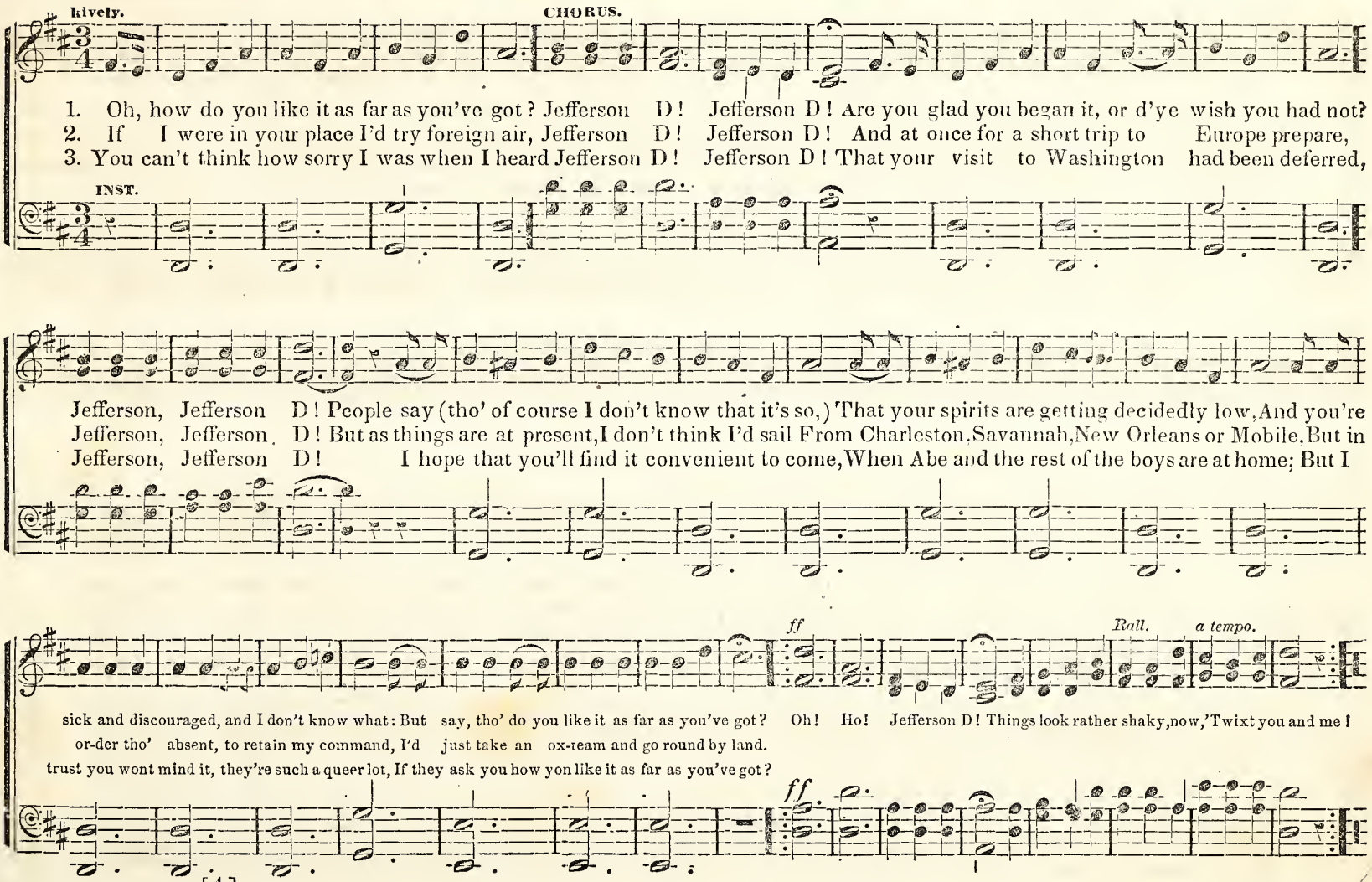


CHORUS.


Air.
All's well, he sleeps, the or - ange flow - ers bloom on his grave,
Alto.
Tenor.
All's well, he sleeps, the or - ange flow - ers bloom on his grave,
Bass.
Sad - ly she weeps for him who died up - on the bat - tle field, Her own lov'd soldier boy so brave.
Sad - ly she weeps for him who died up - on the bat - tle field, Her own lov'd soldier boy so brave.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. "GLORY, HALLELUJAH."

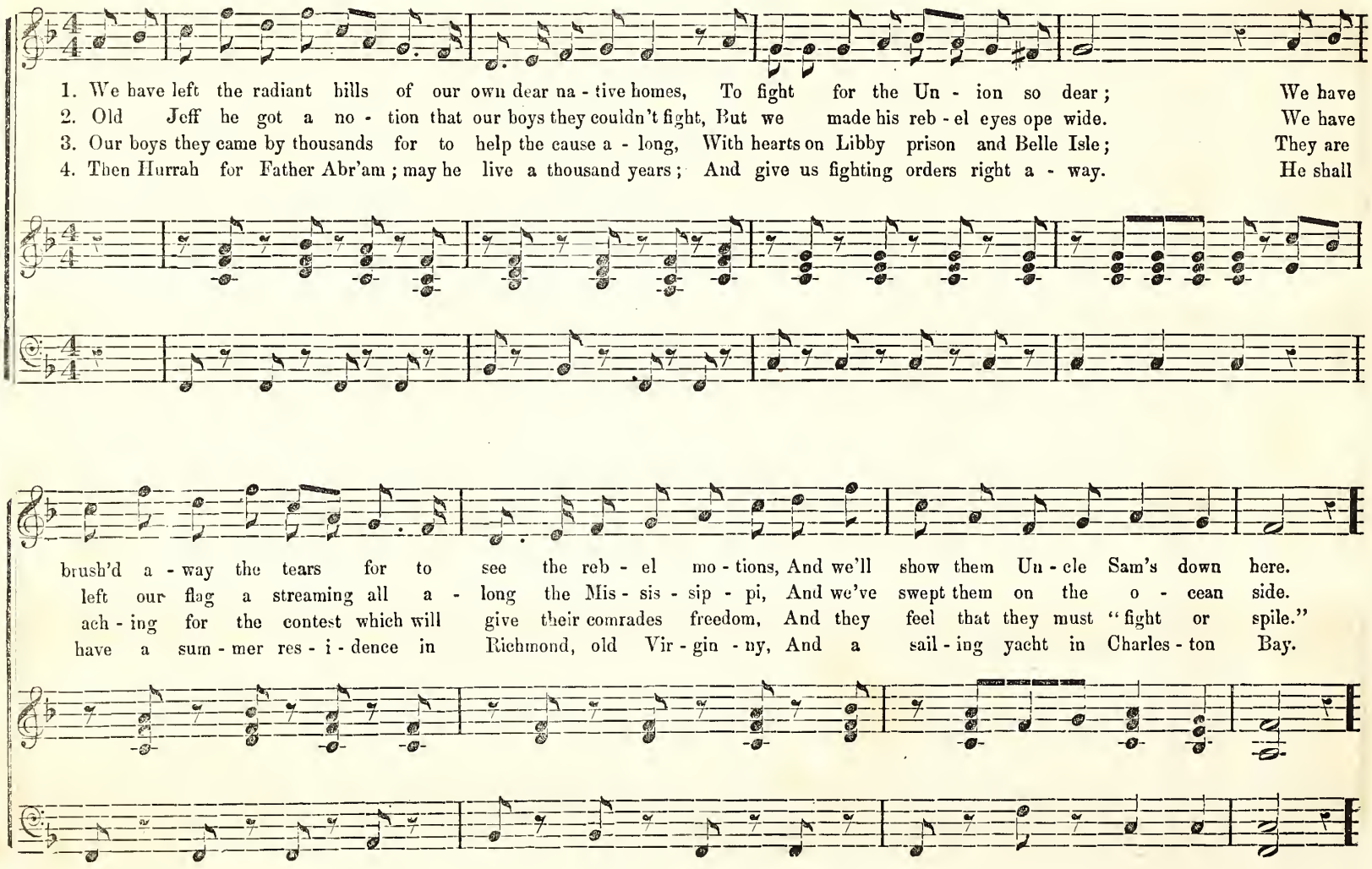


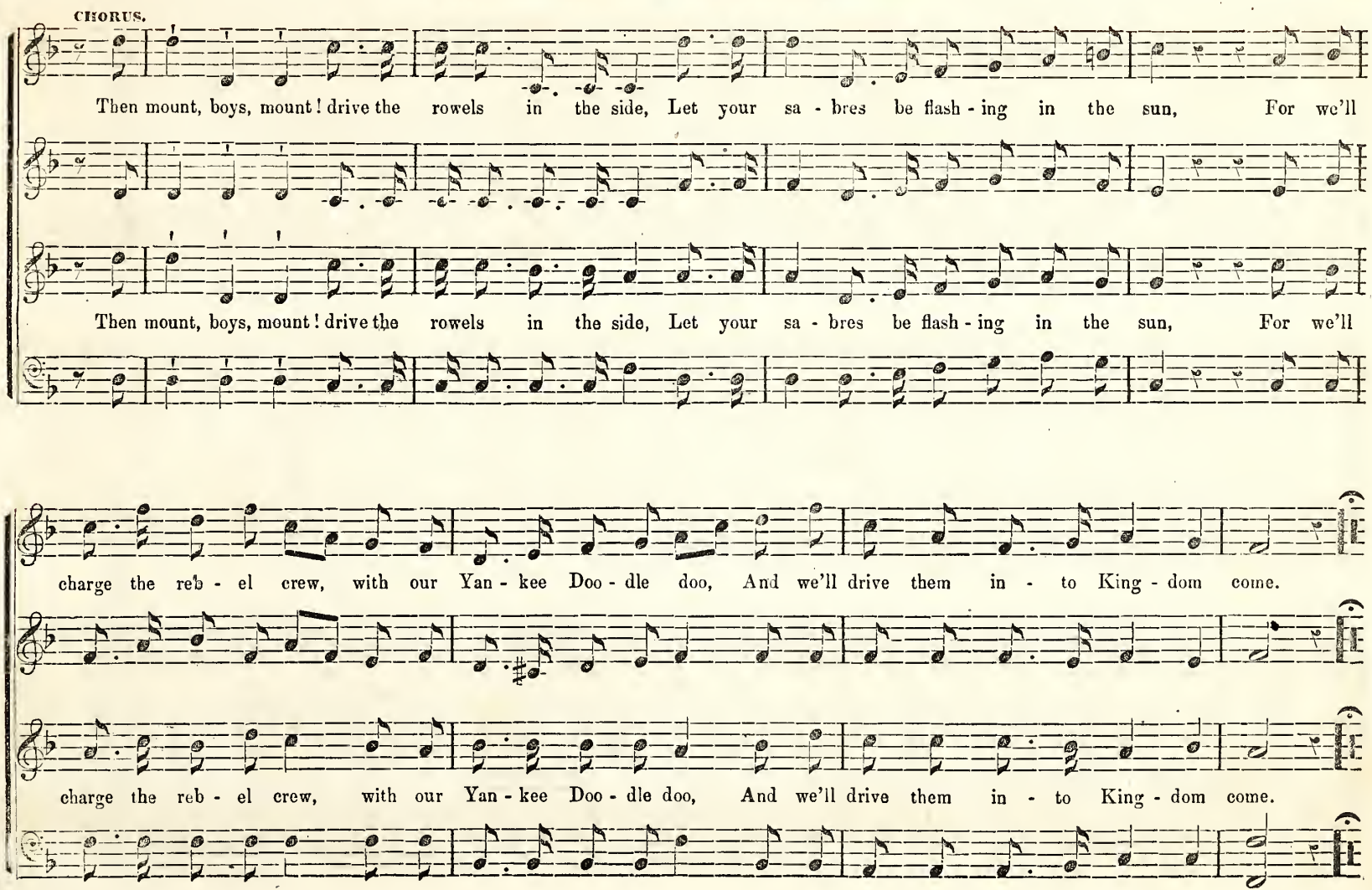

Lively.
CHORUS.
1. Oh, how do you like it as far as you've got? Jefferson D! Jefferson D! Are you glad you began it, or d'ye wish you had not?
2. If I were in your place I'd try foreign air, Jefferson D! Jefferson D! And at once for a short trip to Europe prepare,
3. You can't think how sorry I was when I heard Jefferson D! Jefferson D! That your visit to Washington had been deferred,
INST.
Jefferson, Jefferson D! People say (tho' of course I don't know that it's so,) That your spirits are getting decidedly low, And you're
Jefferson, Jefferson D! But as things are at present, I don't think I'd sail From Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans or Mobile, But in
Jefferson, Jefferson D! I hope that you'll find it convenient to come, When Abe and the rest of the boys are at home; But I
ff
Rall.
a tempo.
sick and discouraged, and I don't know what: But say, tho' do you like it as far as you've got? Oh! Ho! Jefferson D! Things look rather shaky, now, 'Twixt you and me!
or-der tho' absent, to retain my command, I'd just take an ox-team and go round by land.
trust you wont mind it, they're such a queer lot, If they ask you how you like it as far as you've got?
ff

SONG OF THE 20TH NEW YORK CAVALRY

MOUNT, BOYS, MOUNT.

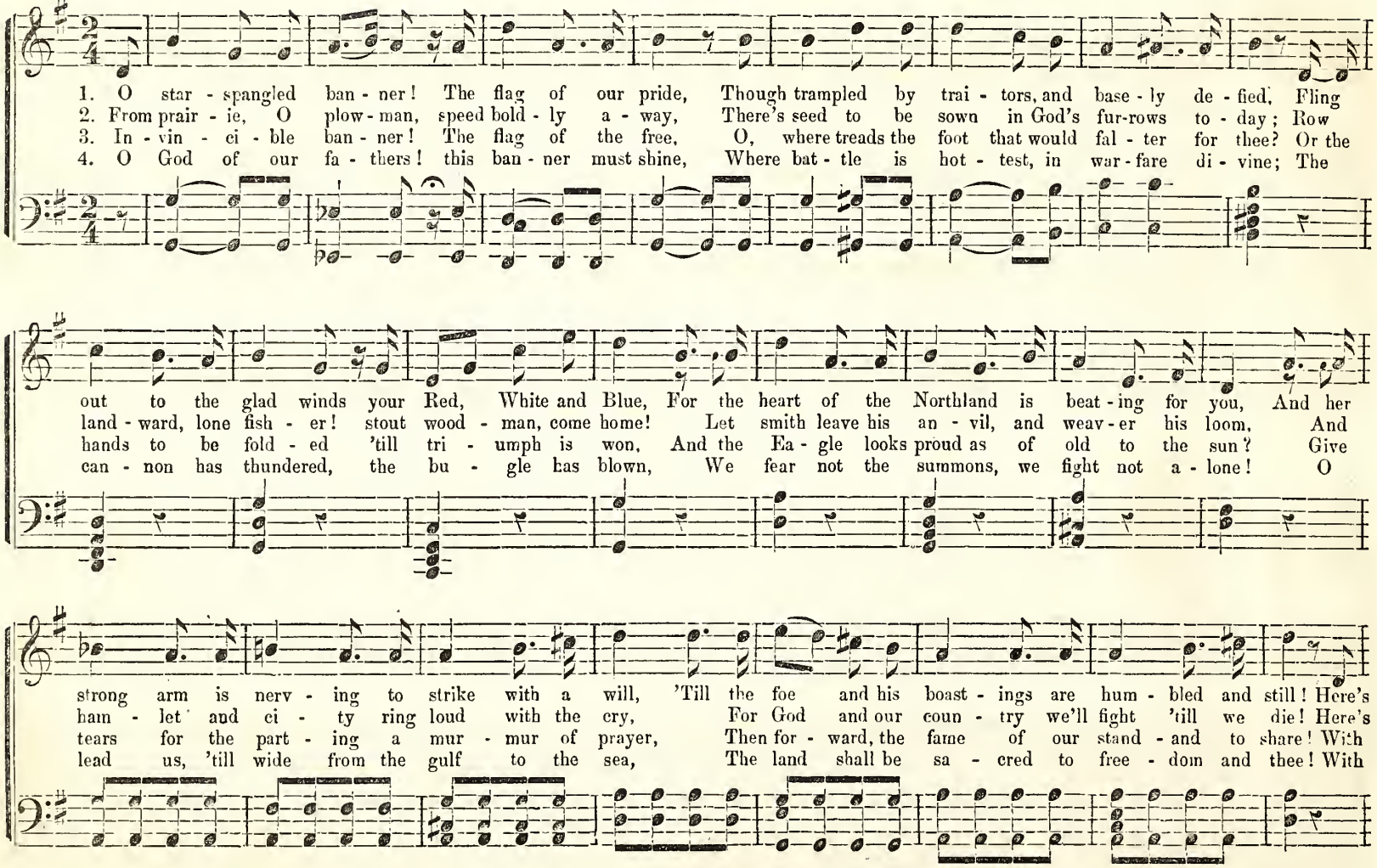
CHARLES T. HAMMOND

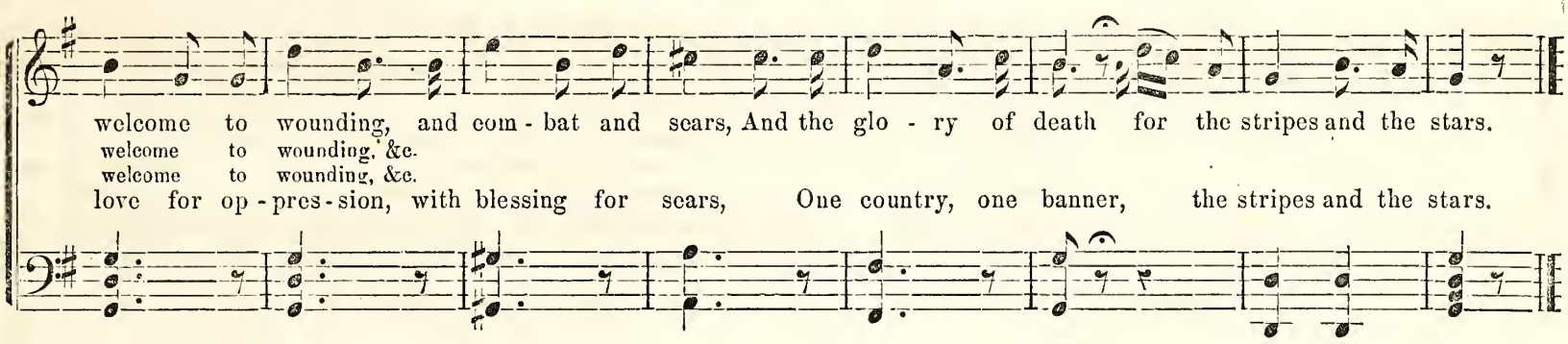



CHORUS.
Then mount, boys, mount! drive the rowels in the side, Let your sa - bres be flash - ing in the sun, For we'll
Then mount, boys, mount! drive the rowels in the side, Let your sa - bres be flash - ing in the sun, For we'll
charge the reb - el crew, with our Yan - kee Doo - dle doo, And we'll drive them in - to King - dom come.
charge the reb - el crew, with our Yan - kee Doo - dle doo, And we'll drive them in - to King - dom come.

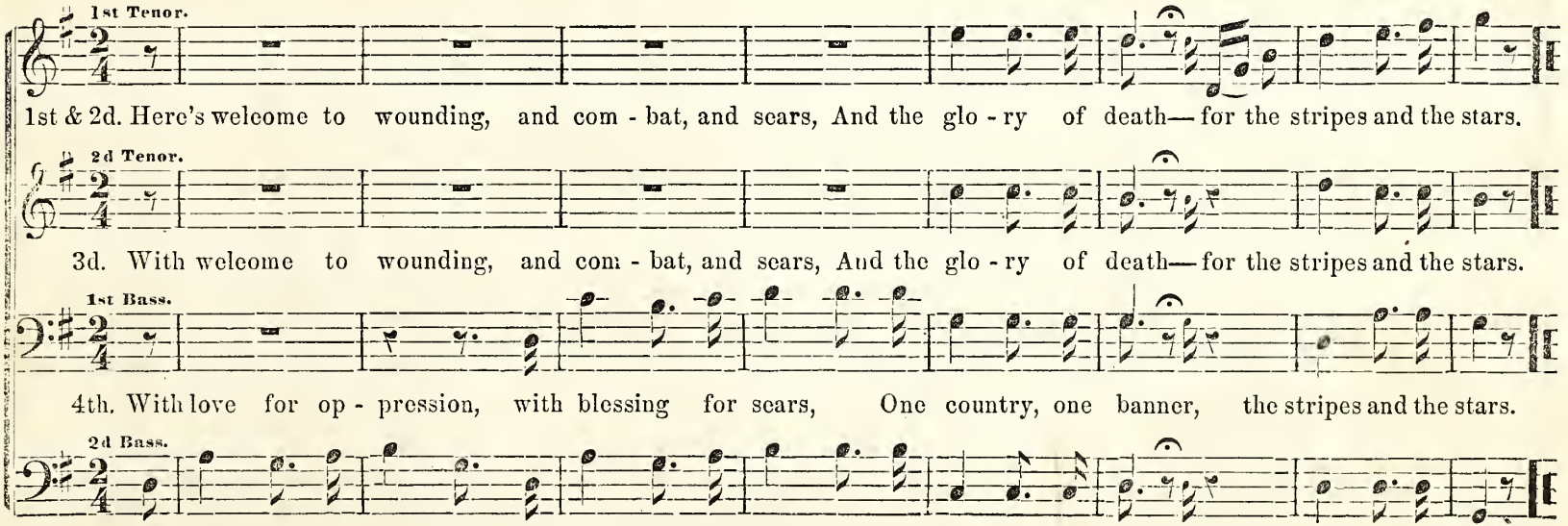
THE STRIPES AND THE STARS.

GEO. A. MIETZKE.

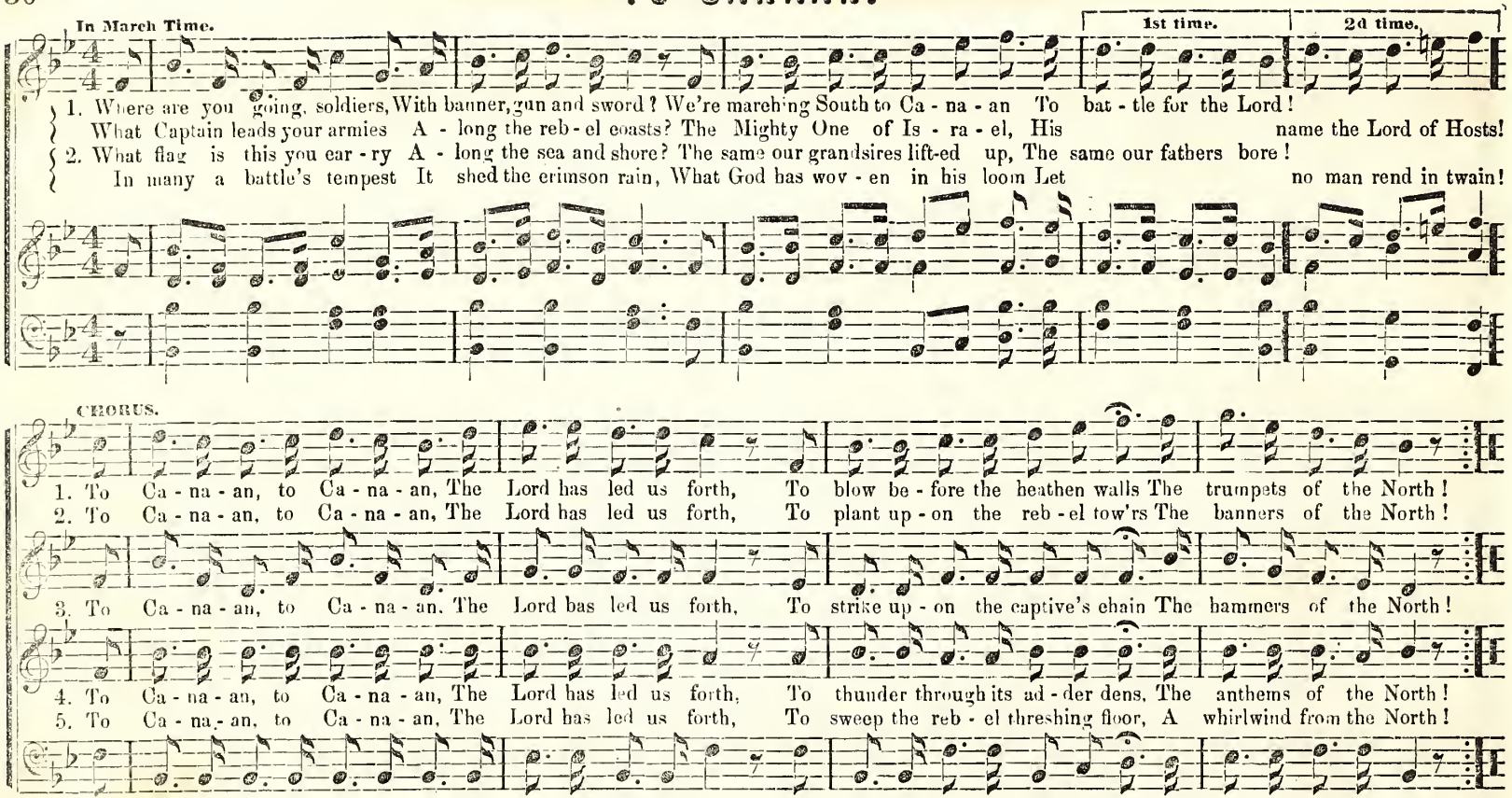




CHORUS, *ad libitum.*



TO CANAAN.



3 What troop is this that follows,
All armed with picks and spades?
These are the swarthy bondsmen,—
The iron-skin brigades!
They'll pile up Freedom's breast-work,
They'll scoop out rebel graves;
Who then will be their owner,
And march them off for slaves?

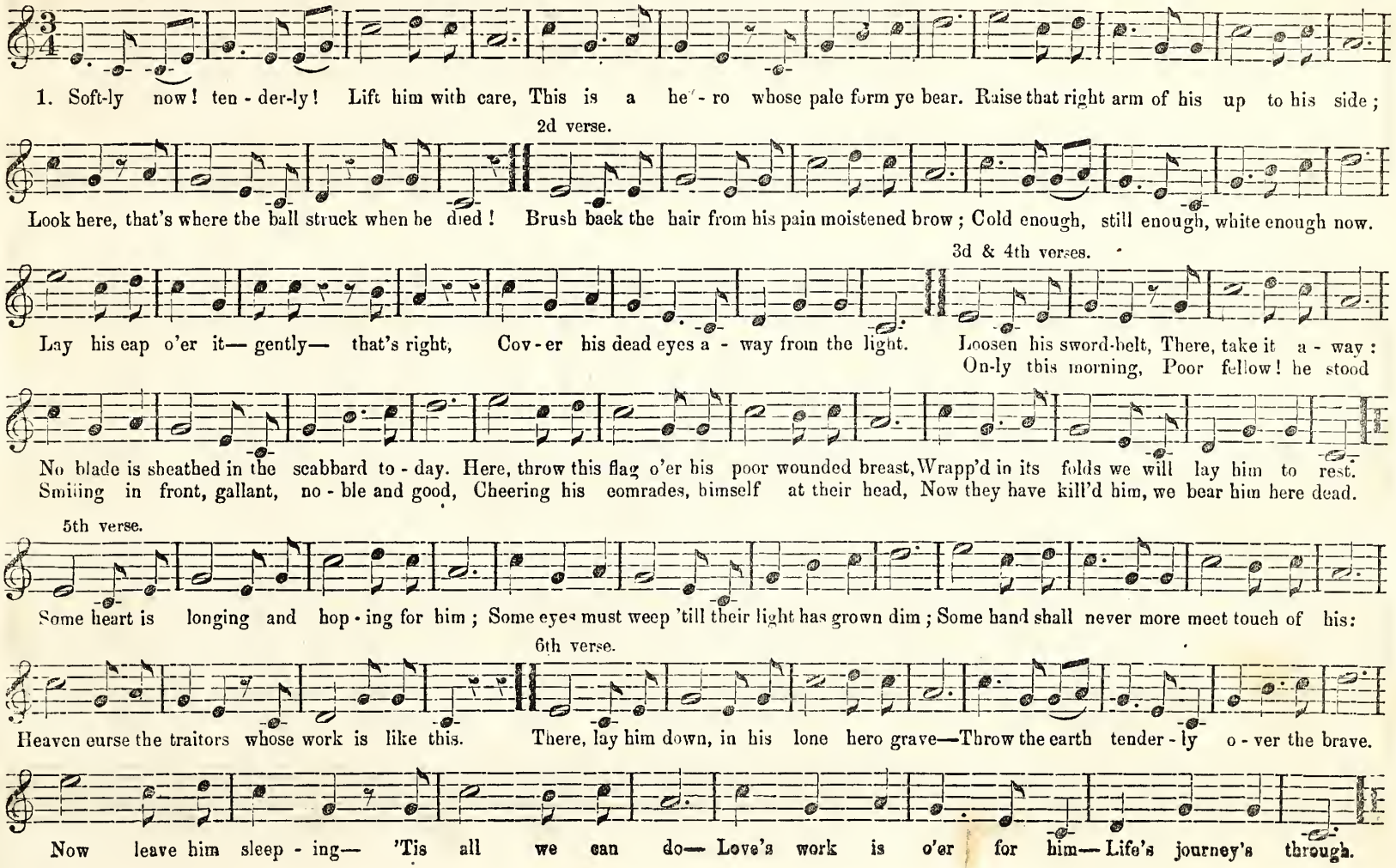
4 What song is this you're singing?
The same that Israel sung
When Moses led the mighty choir,
And Miriam's timbrel rung!
To Canaan! to Canaan!
The priests and maidens cried;
To Canaan! to Canaan!
The people's voice replied.

5 When Canaan's hosts are scattered,
And all her walls lie flat,
What follows next in order?—
The Lord will see to that!
We'll break the tyrant's sceptre,—
We'll build the people's throne,—
When half the world is Freedom's,
Then all the world's our own!

"SOFTLY NOW! TENDERLY! LIFT HIM WITH CARE!"

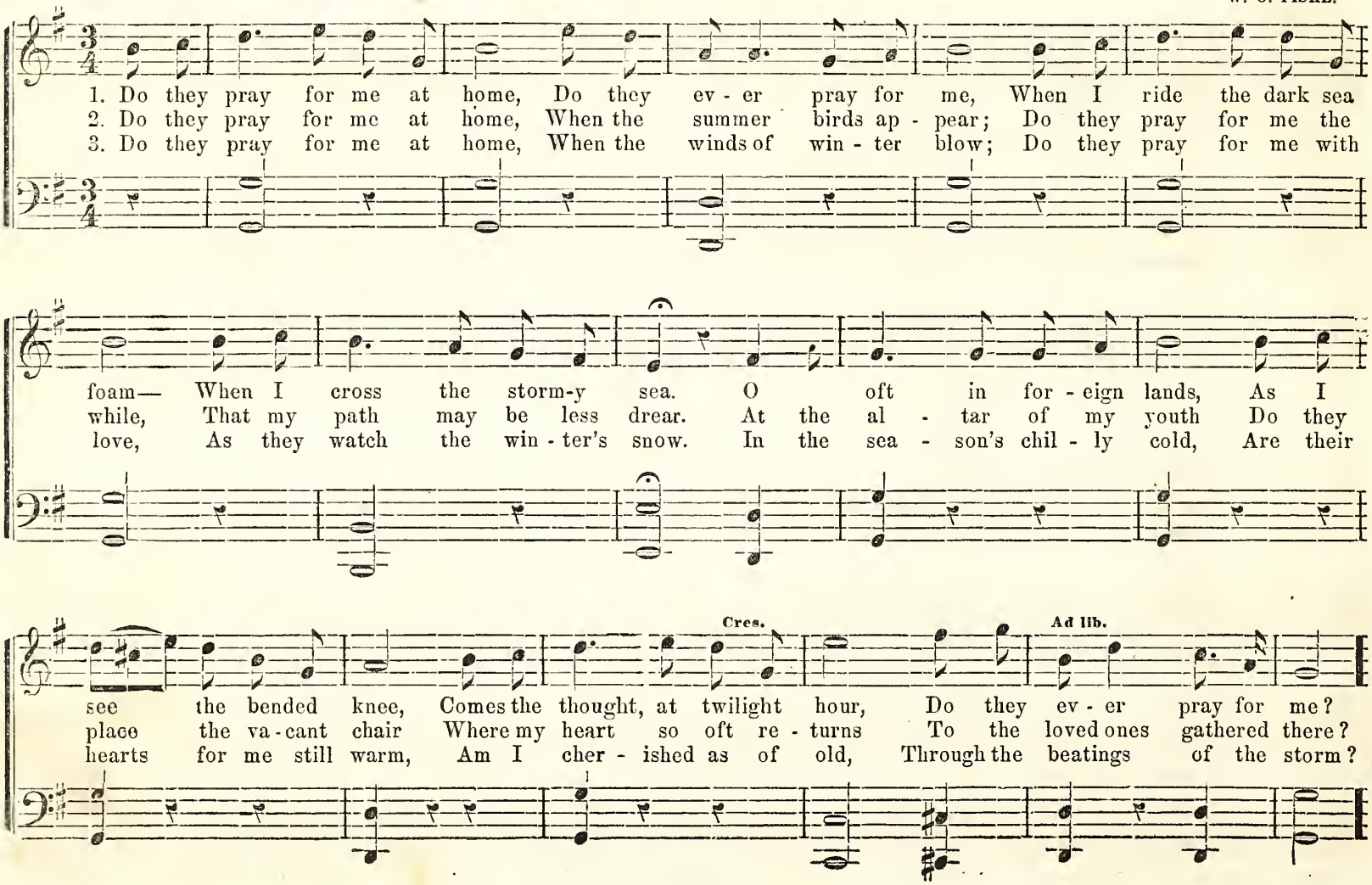
Or, THE DEAD SOLDIER.

PROF. C. S. HARRINGTON.



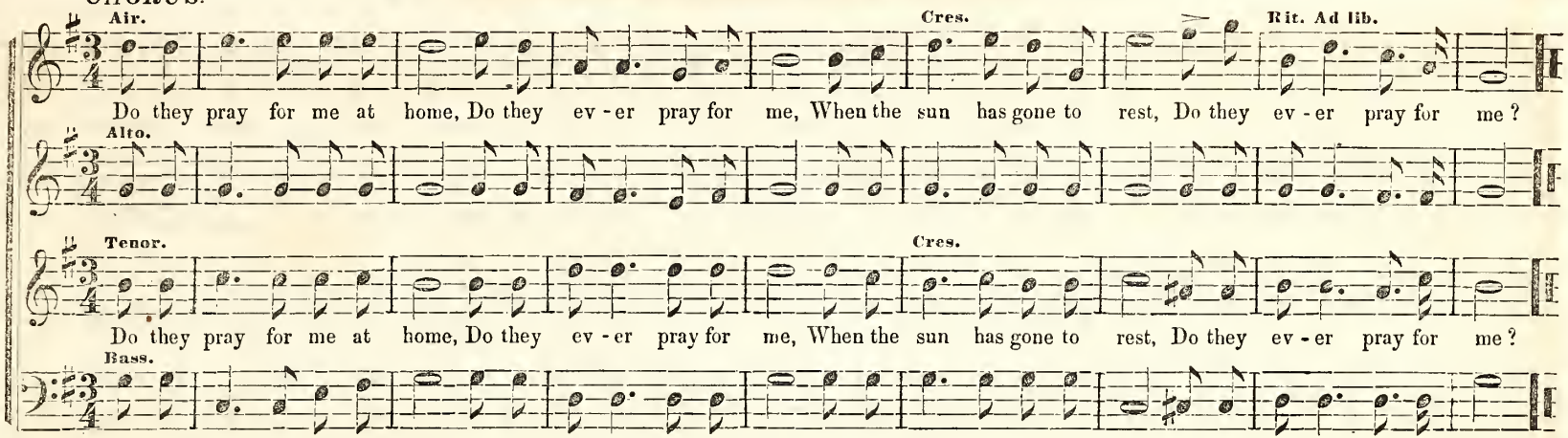
DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME.

W. O. FISKE.



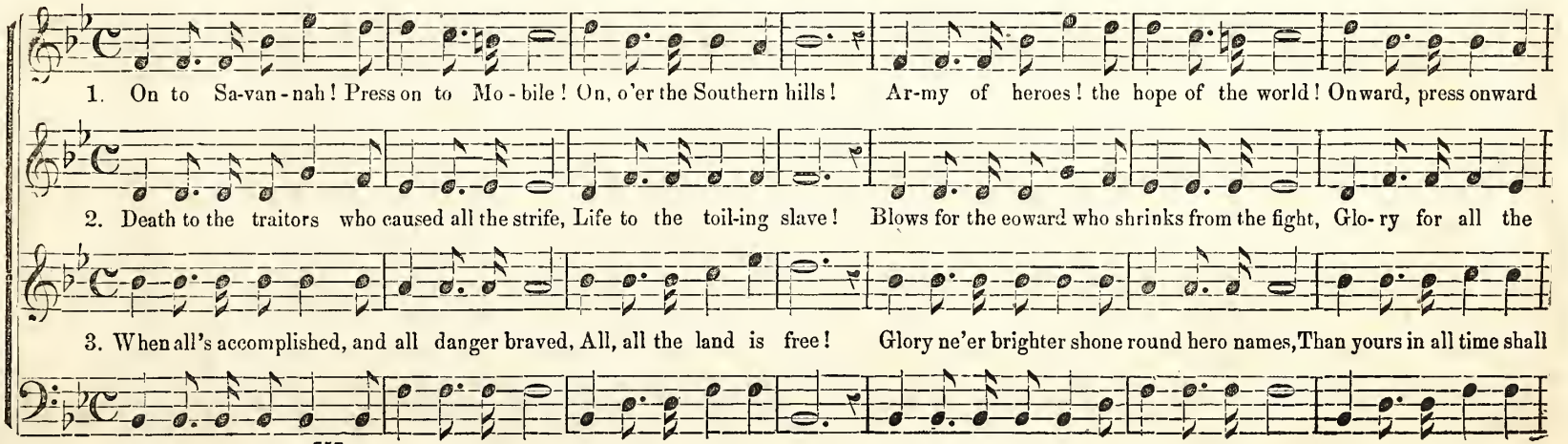
DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME, Concluded.

CHORUS.

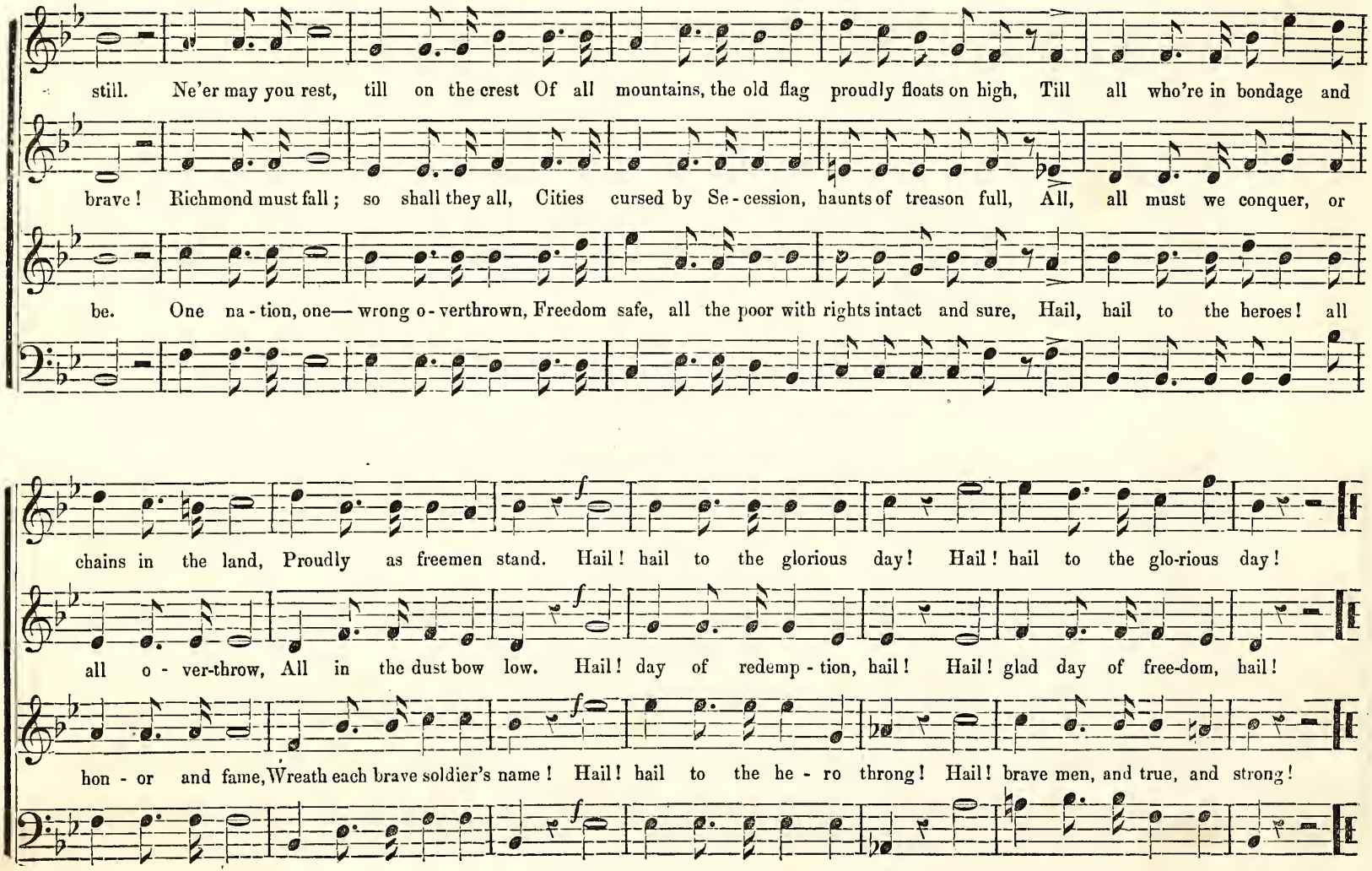


ON TO SAVANNAH!

BALFE.

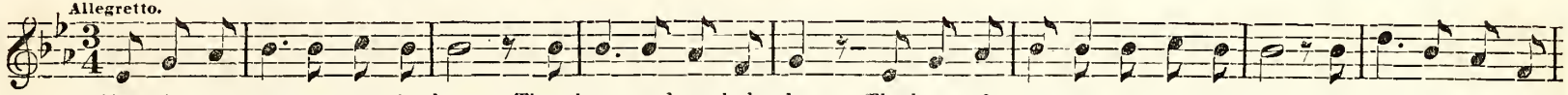


ON TO SAVANNAH, Concluded.

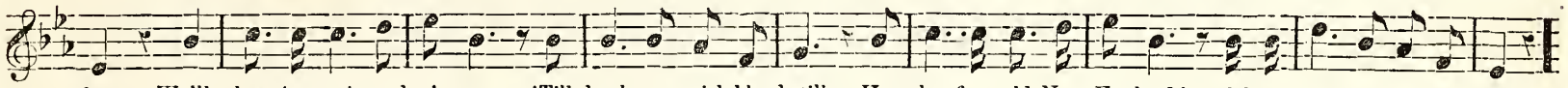


HURRAH FOR OLD NEW ENGLAND!

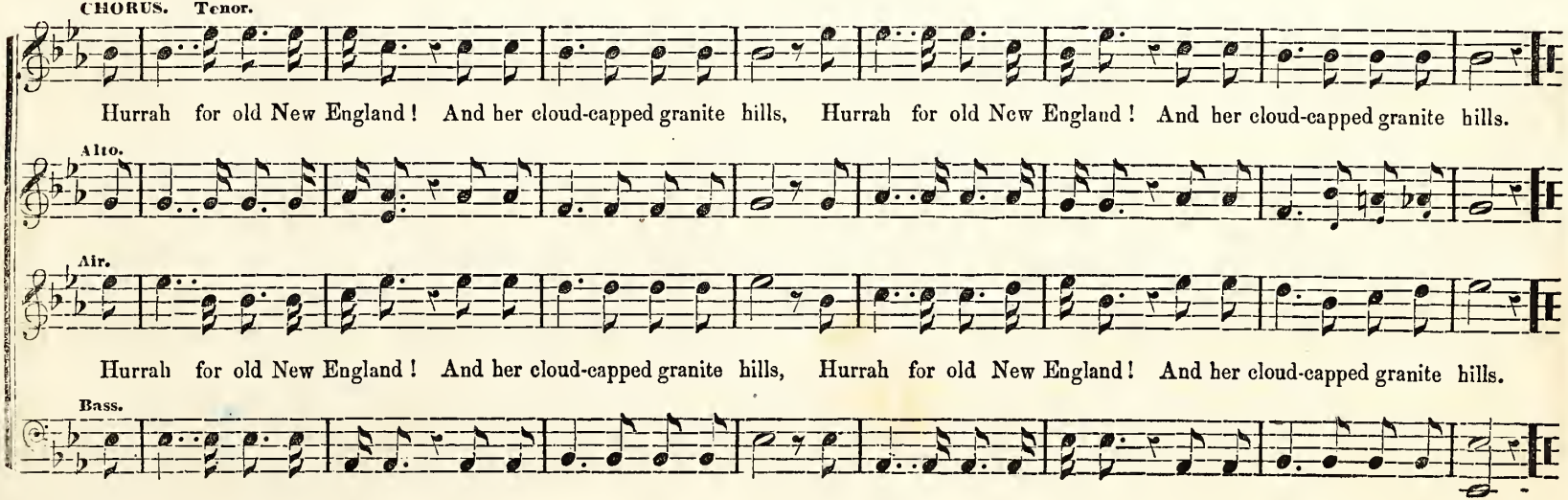
Melody by W. P. CHAMBERLAIN. Arranged by NATHAN BARKER.



1. This is our own, our na - tive home, Though poor and rough she be, The home of many a no - ble soul, The birth-place of the
2. Shall not the land tho' poor she be That gave a Webster birth, With pride step forth to take her place With the mightiest of the
3. They tell us of our freezing clime, Our hard and rugged soil, Which hardly half re - pays us for Our spring-time care and
4. Oth - ers may seek the western clime, They say 'tis passing fair, That sun - ny are its laughing skies, And soft its balmy



free. We'll love her rocks and rivers, 'Till death our quick blood stills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
earth; Then for his sake whose lof-ty fame Our farthest bound'ries fill; We'll shout for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
toil; Yet gai - ly sings the merry boy, As the homestead farm he tills, Hurrah for old New England! And her cloud-capped granite hills.
air, We'll linger round our childhood's home, 'Till age our warm blood chills, 'Till we die in old New England, And sleep beneath her hills.



THE NEGRO BOATMAN'S SONG.

Words by J. G. WHITTIER, Esq.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.

SOLO or DUETT.

1. Oh, praise an' tanks! De Lord he come To set de peo - ple free; An' mas - sa tink it day ob doom, An'

2. Ole mas - sa on he trabbles gone; He lebe de land be - hind; De Lord's breff blow him fur - der on, Like

we ob ju - bi - lee, De Lord dat heap de Red Sea waves, He jus' as 'trong as den; He say de

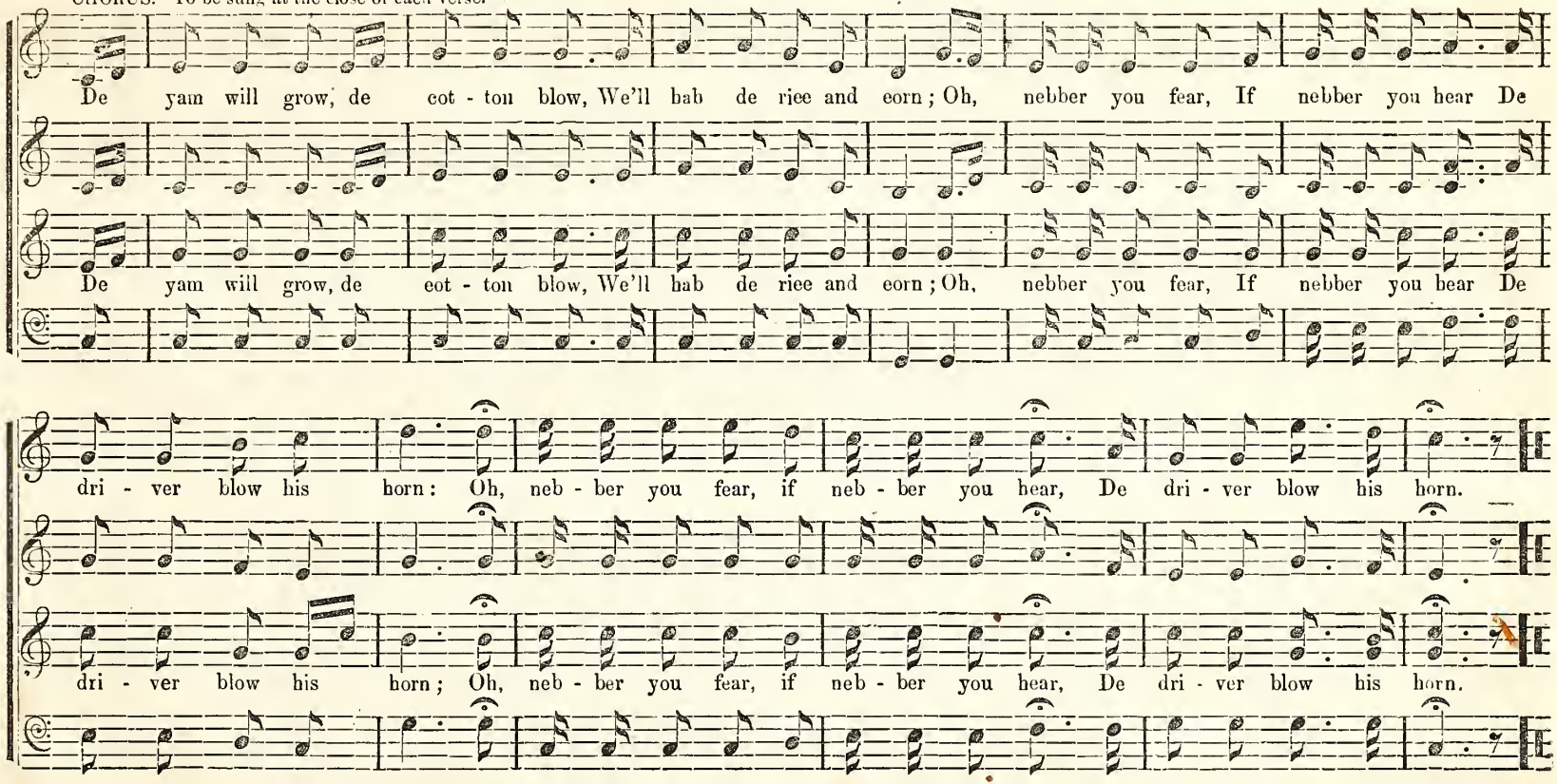
corn shuck in de wind. We own de hoe, we own de plow, We own de hands dat hold; We sell de

Cres.

word; we las' night slaves; To - day de Lord's free men. . . . .

pig, we sell de cow, But neb - - - ber chile be sold. . . . .

CHORUS. To be sung at the close of each verse.



3

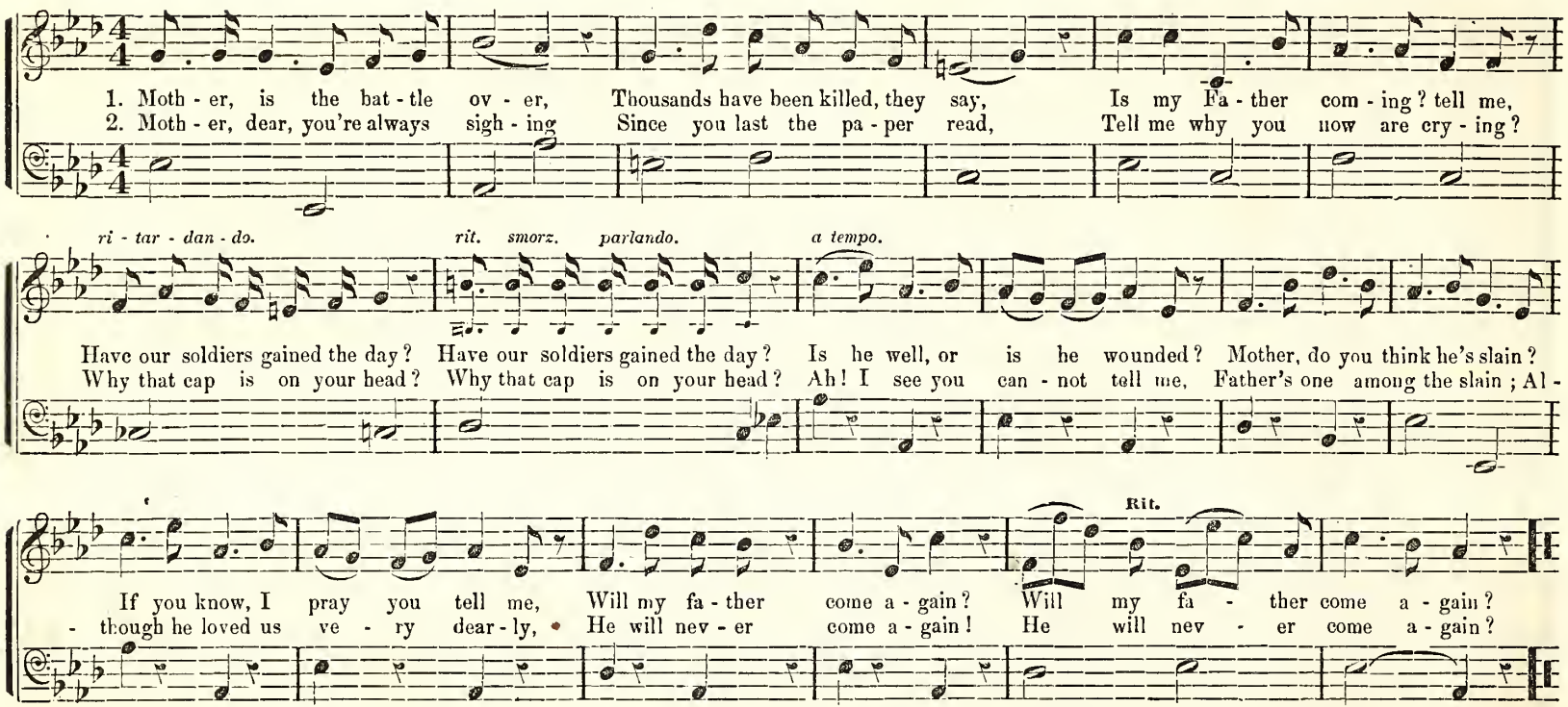
We pray de Lord; he gib us signs
Dat some day we be free;
De Norf wind tell it to de pines,
De wild duck to de sea;
We tink it when de church bell ring,
We dream it in de dream;
De rice-bird mean it when he sing,
De eagle when he scream.

4

We know de promise nebber fail,
An' nebber lie de word;
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord;
An' now he open eb'ry door,
An' trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before,
We lub him better free.

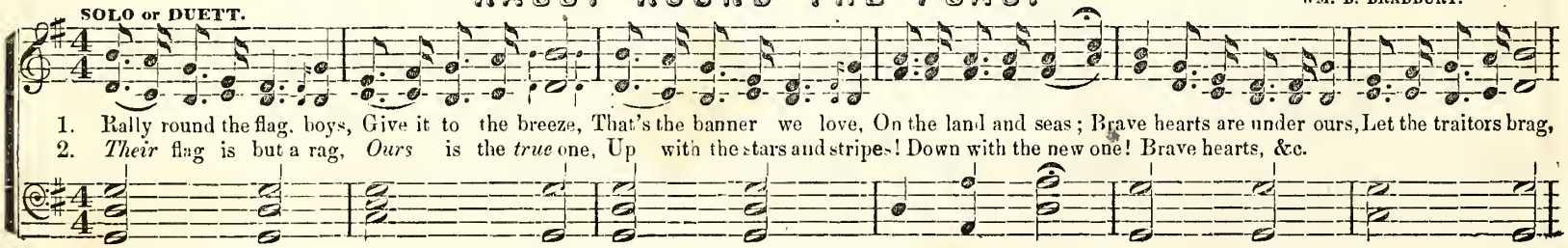
"MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?"

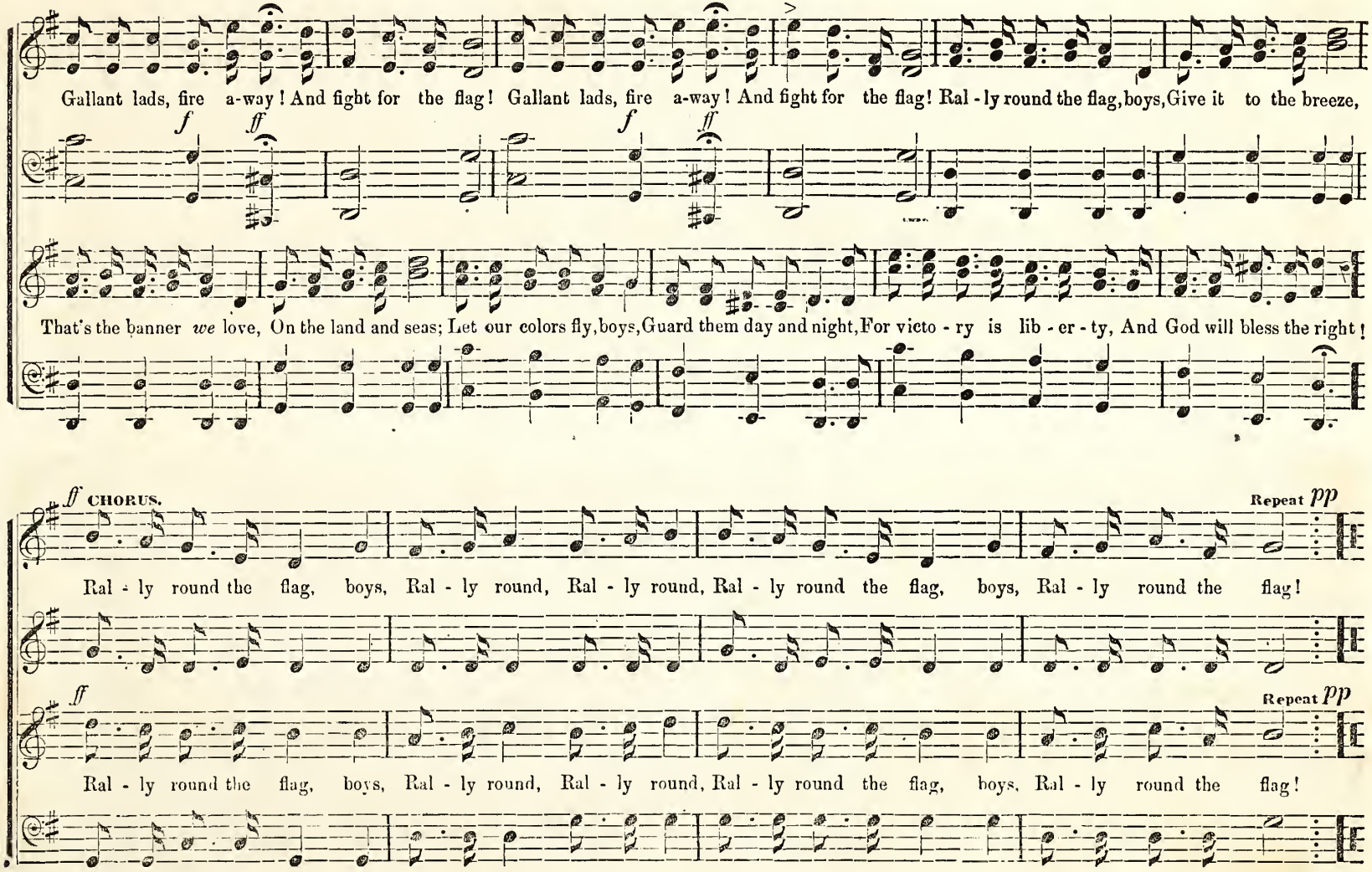
BENEDICT ROEFS.



"RALLY ROUND THE FLAG."

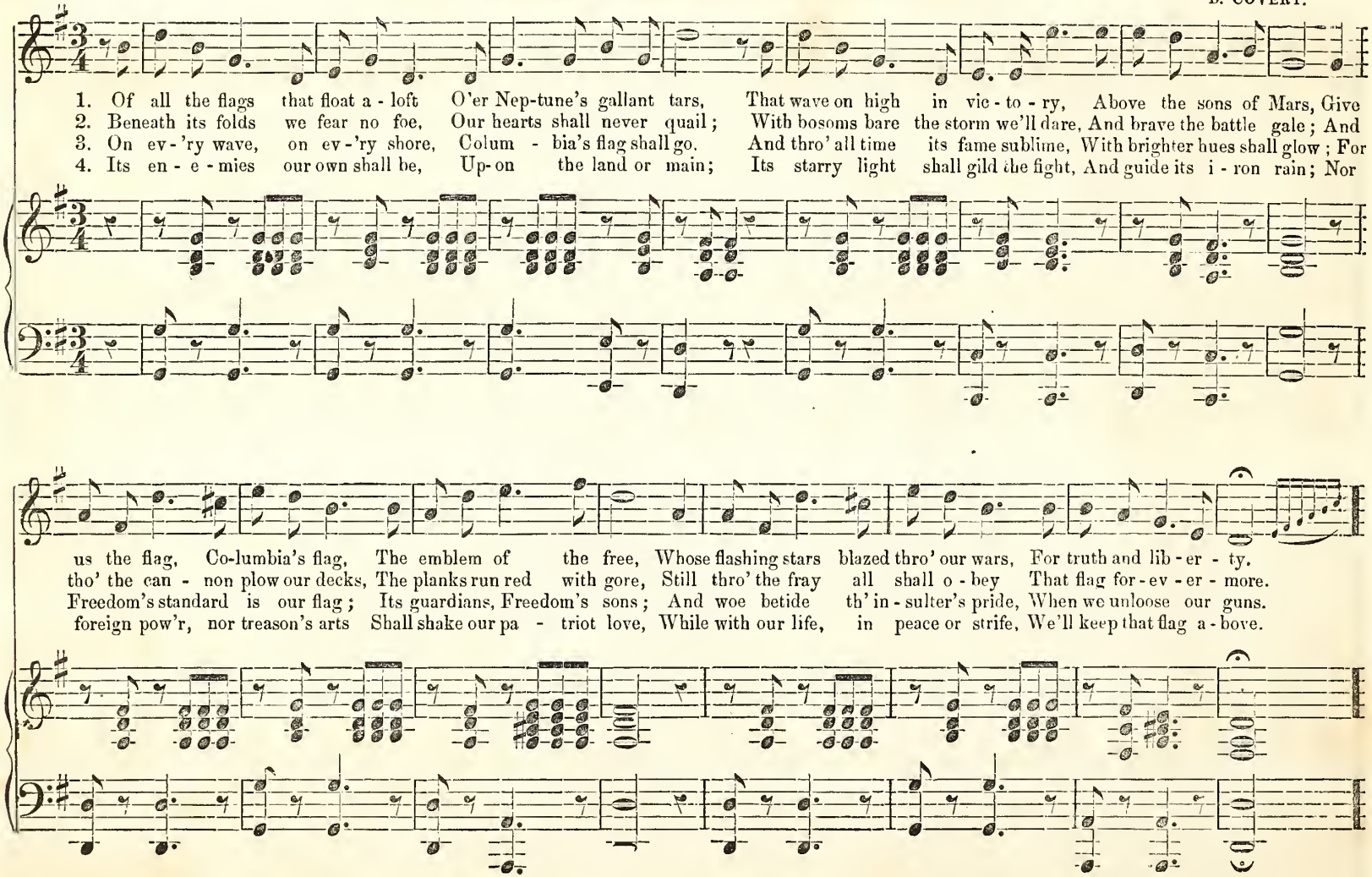
WM. B. BRADBURY.



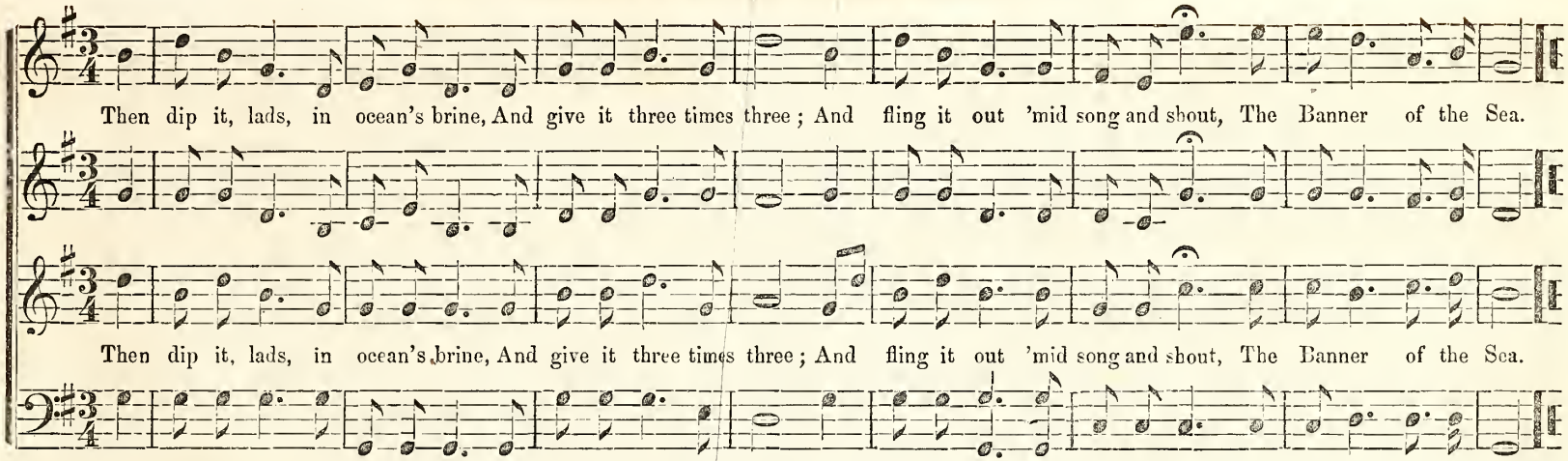

Gallant lads, fire a-way! And fight for the flag! Gallant lads, fire a-way! And fight for the flag! Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Give it to the breeze,
That's the banner *we* love, On the land and seas; Let our colors fly, boys, Guard them day and night, For victo - ry is lib - er - ty, And God will bless the right!
CHORUS.
Repeat
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!
Repeat
Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round, Ral - ly round the flag, boys, Ral - ly round the flag!

THE BANNER OF THE SEA.

B. COVERT.

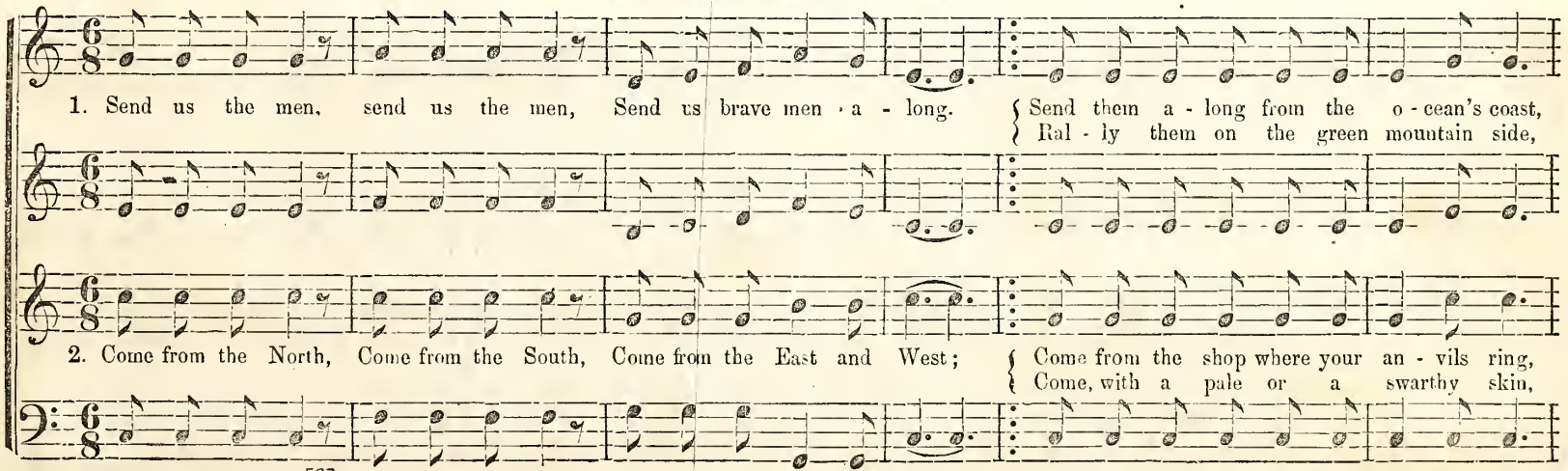


CHORUS.

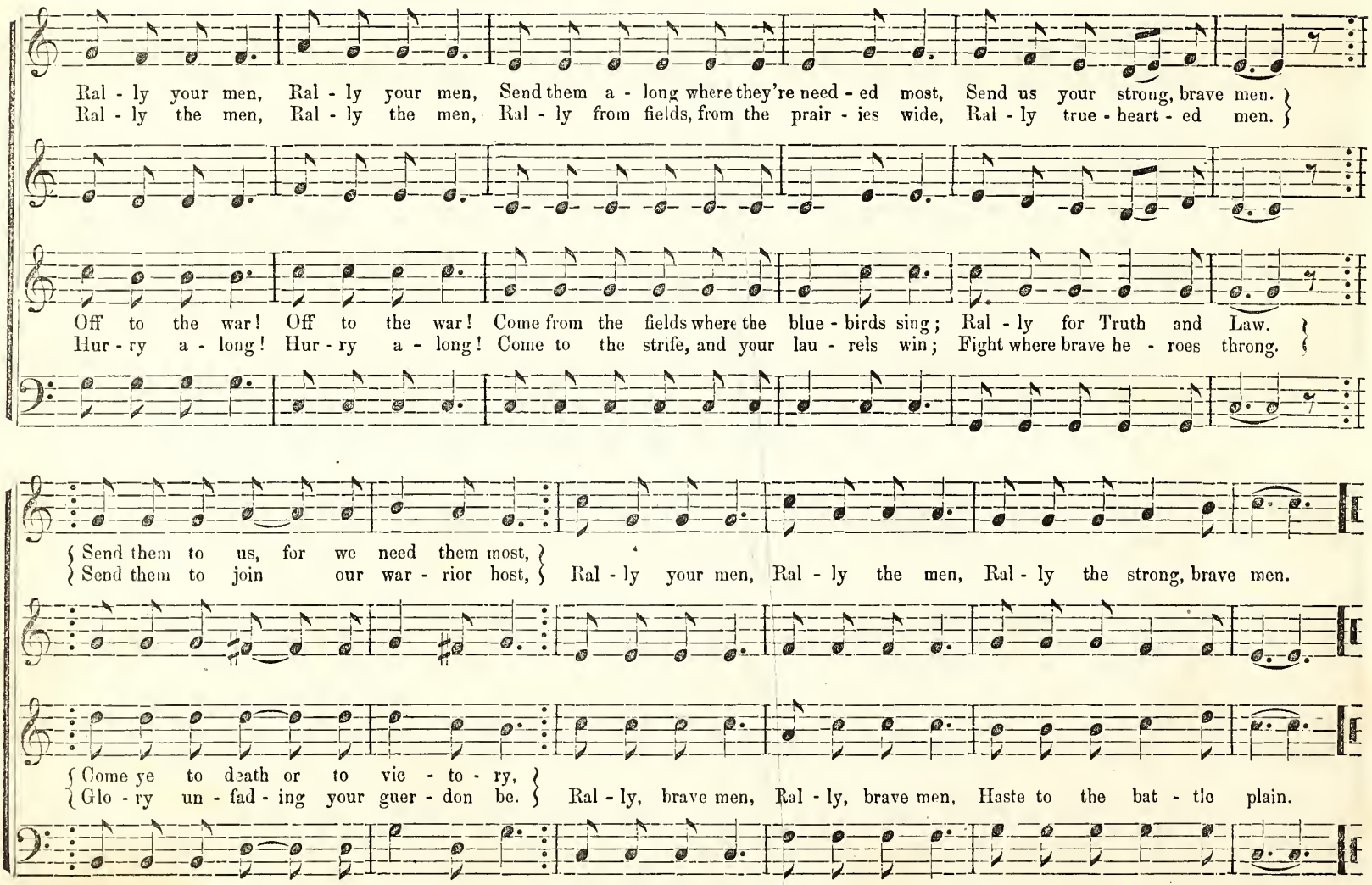


RALLYING SONG.

Music by W. B. BRADBURY.

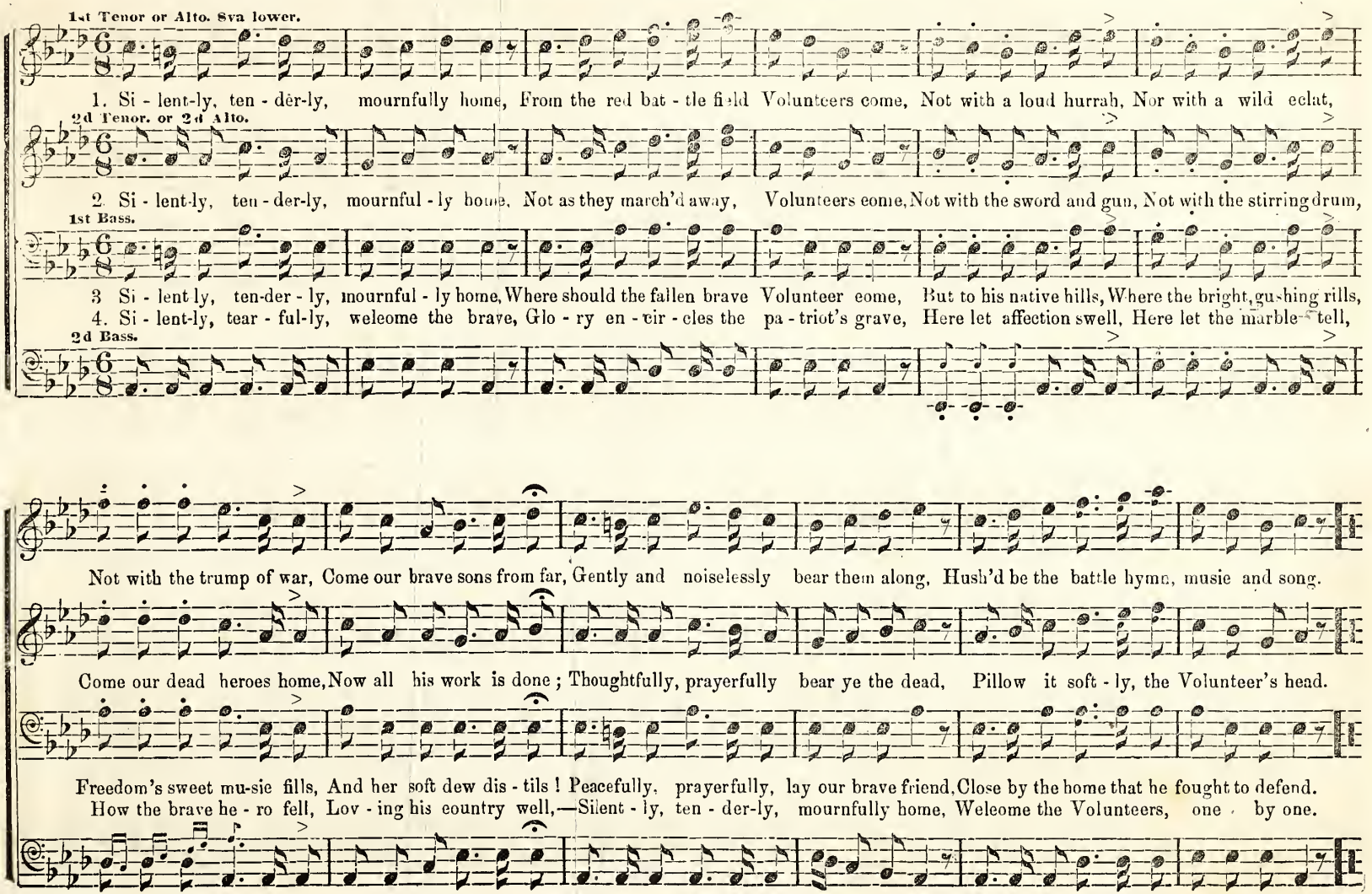


RALLYING SONG, Concluded.

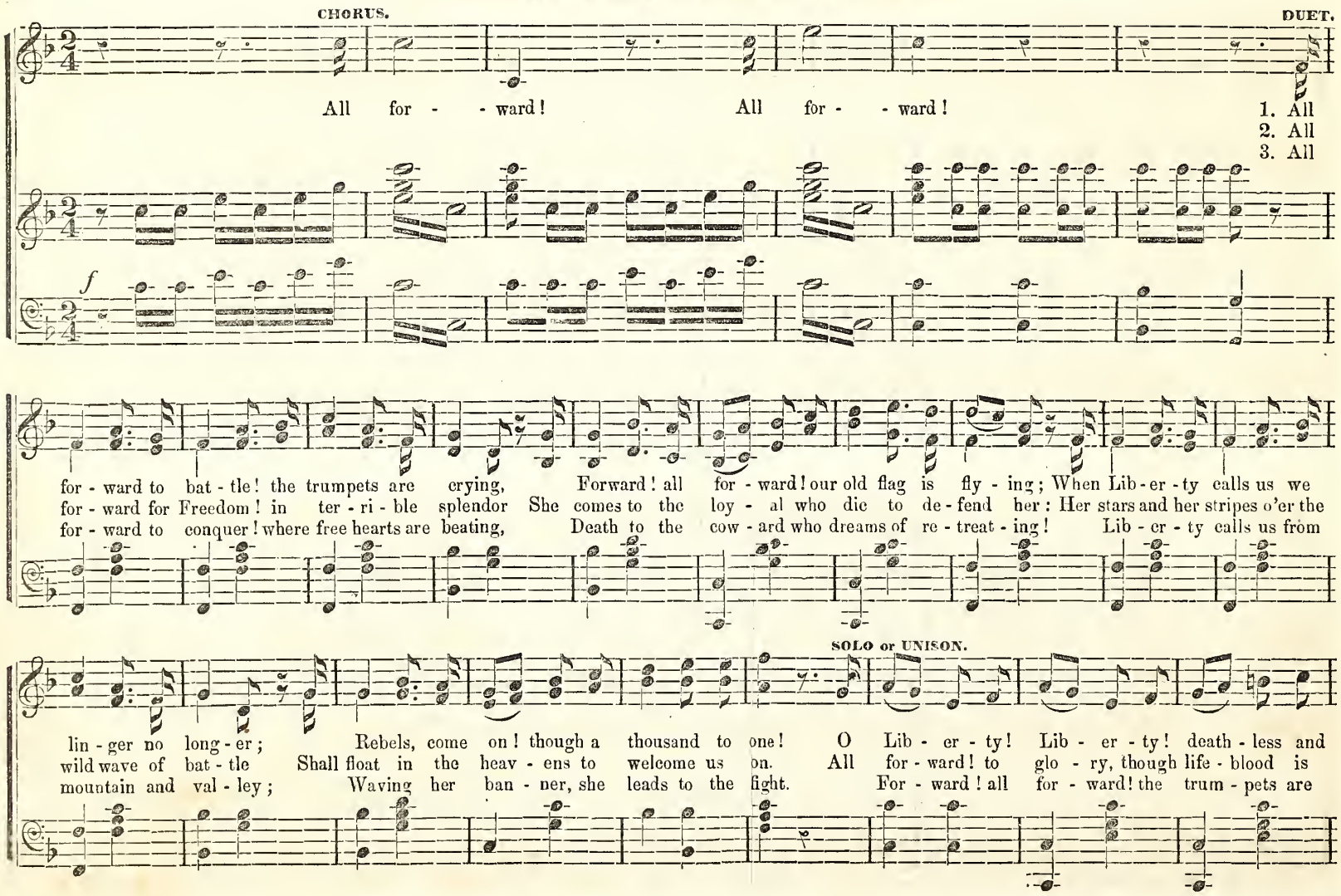


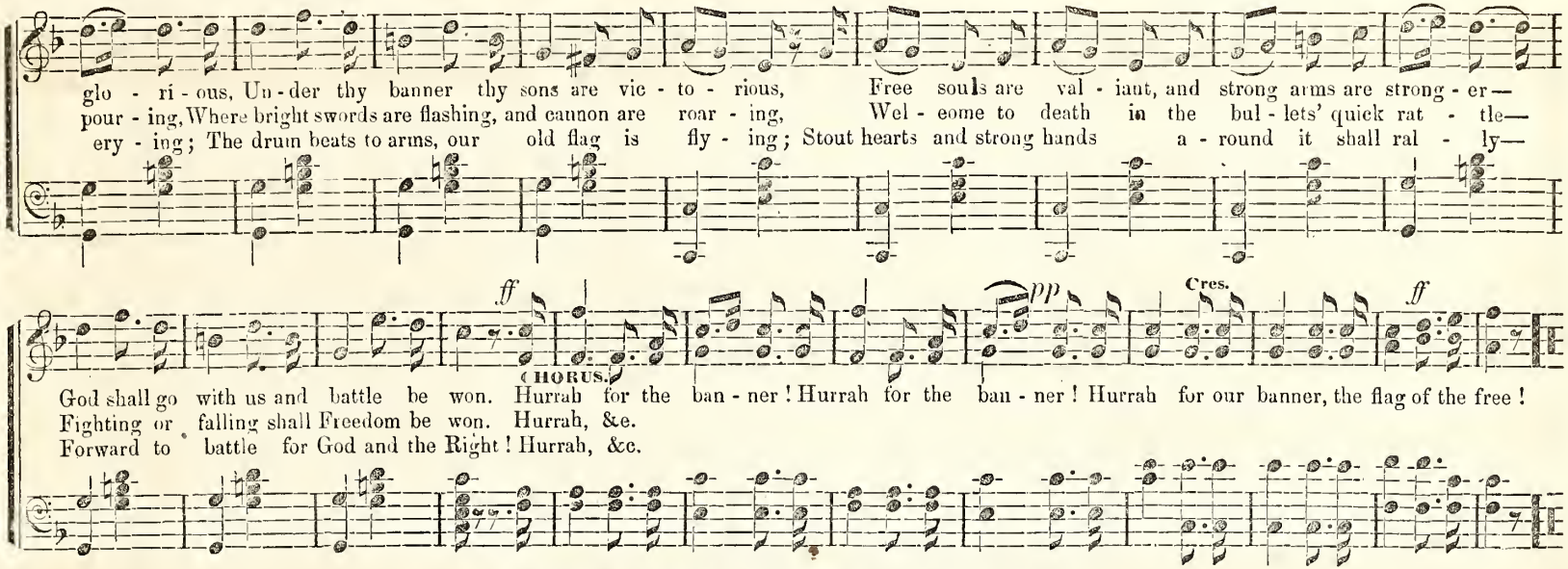
FROM THE RED BATTLE FIELD.

Words by J. W. BARKER. Music by N. BARKER.



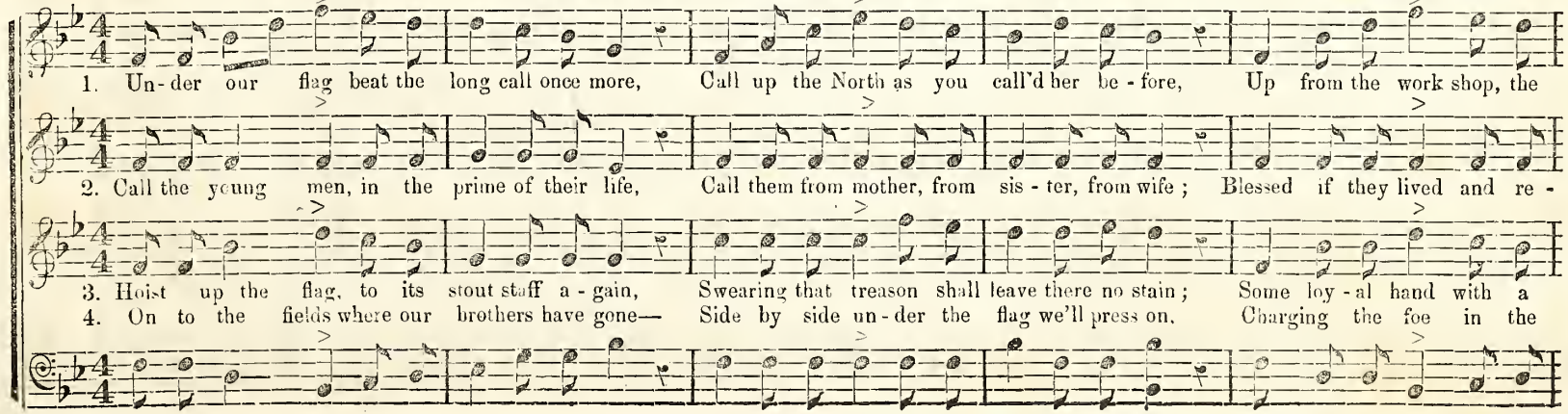
GARIBALDI HYMN.



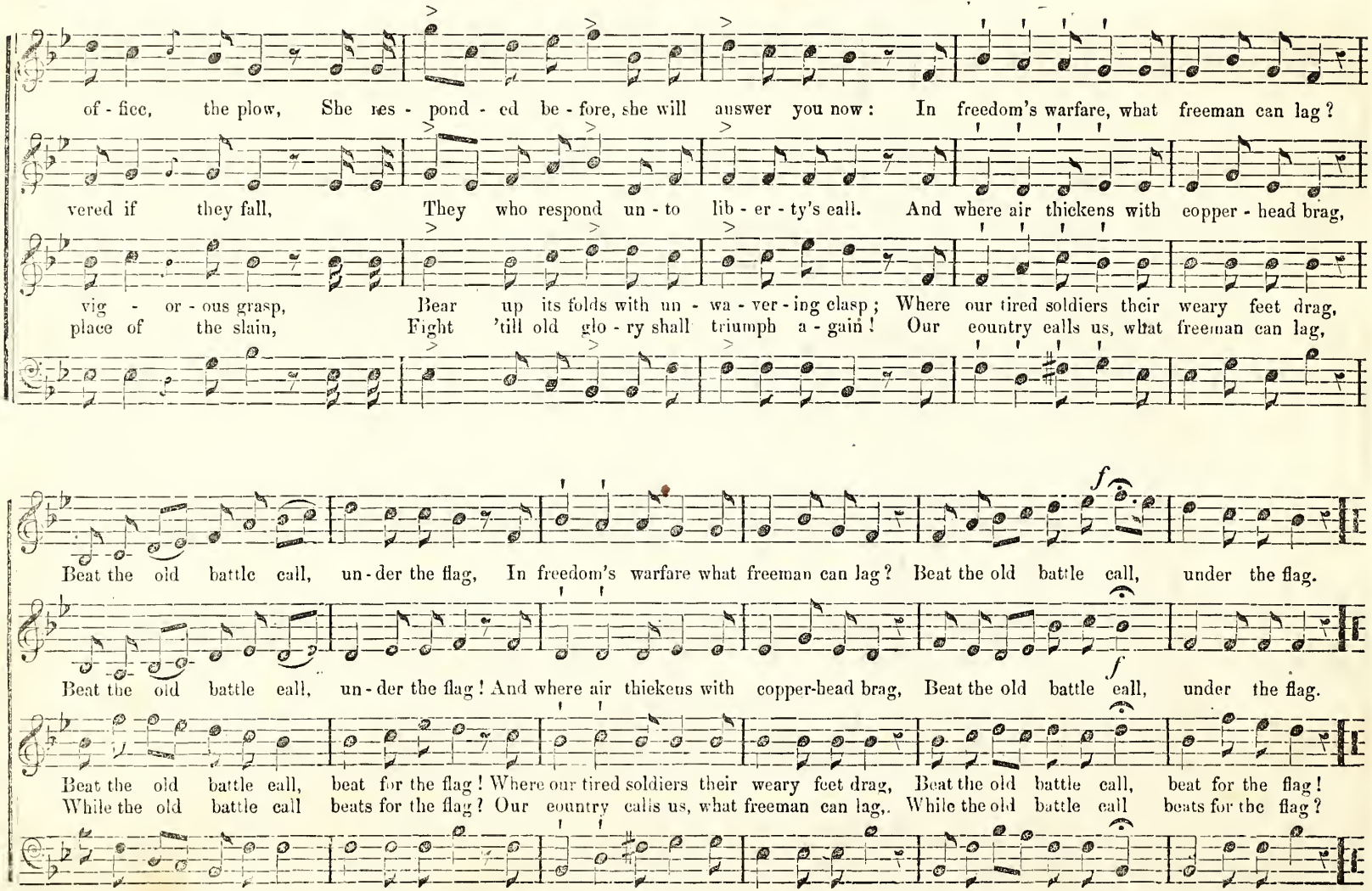


AMERICAN MARSEILLAISE.

HUGH VON ELSNER.

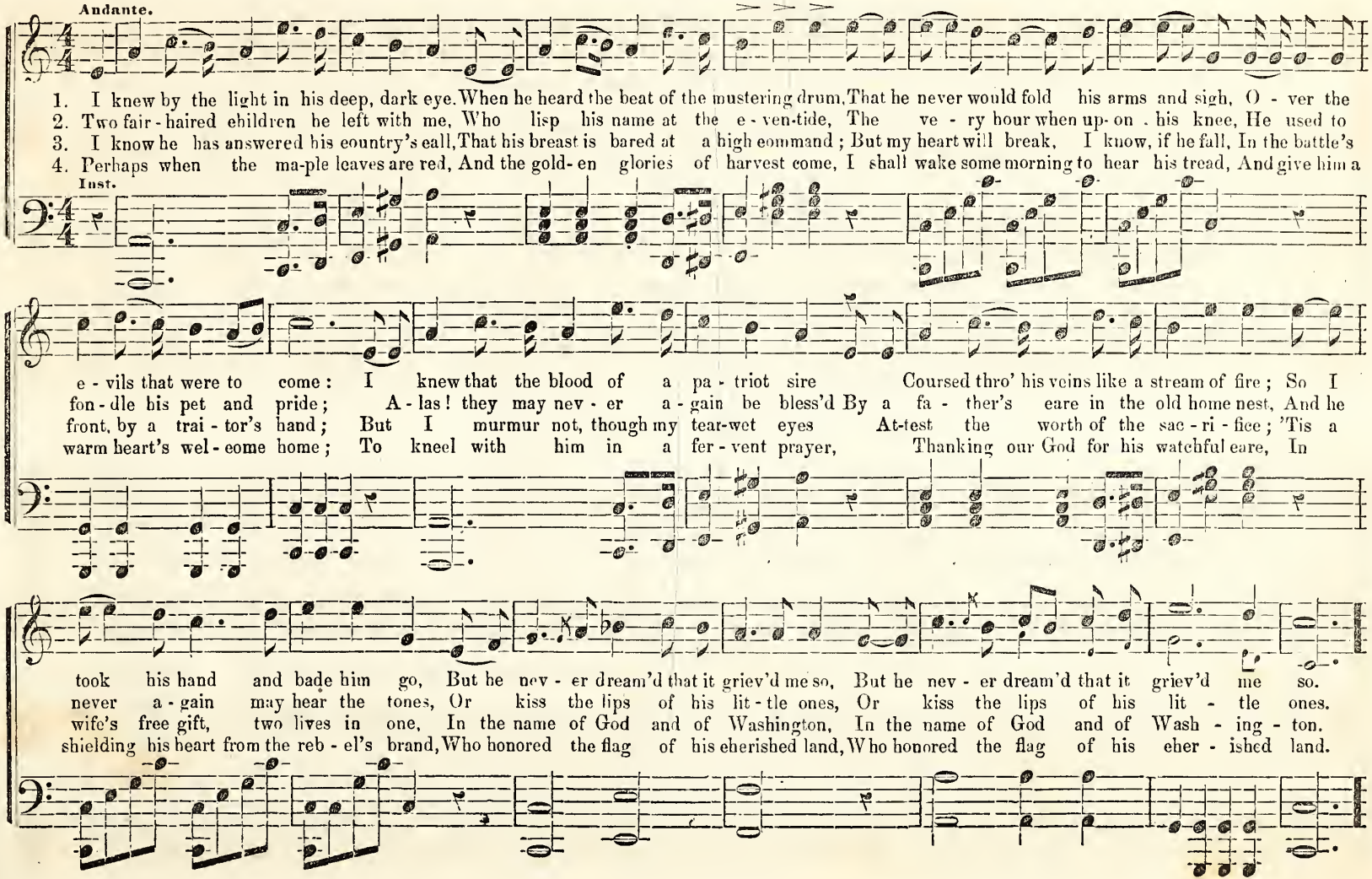


AMERICAN MARSEILLAISE. Concluded.



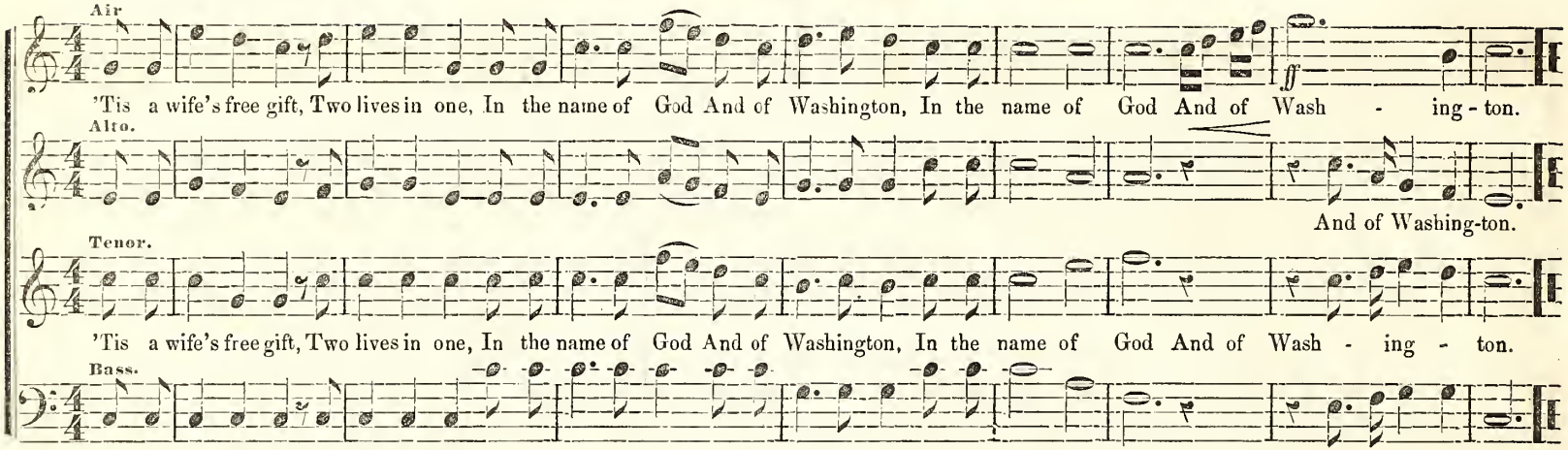
THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE

SONG and CHORUS.

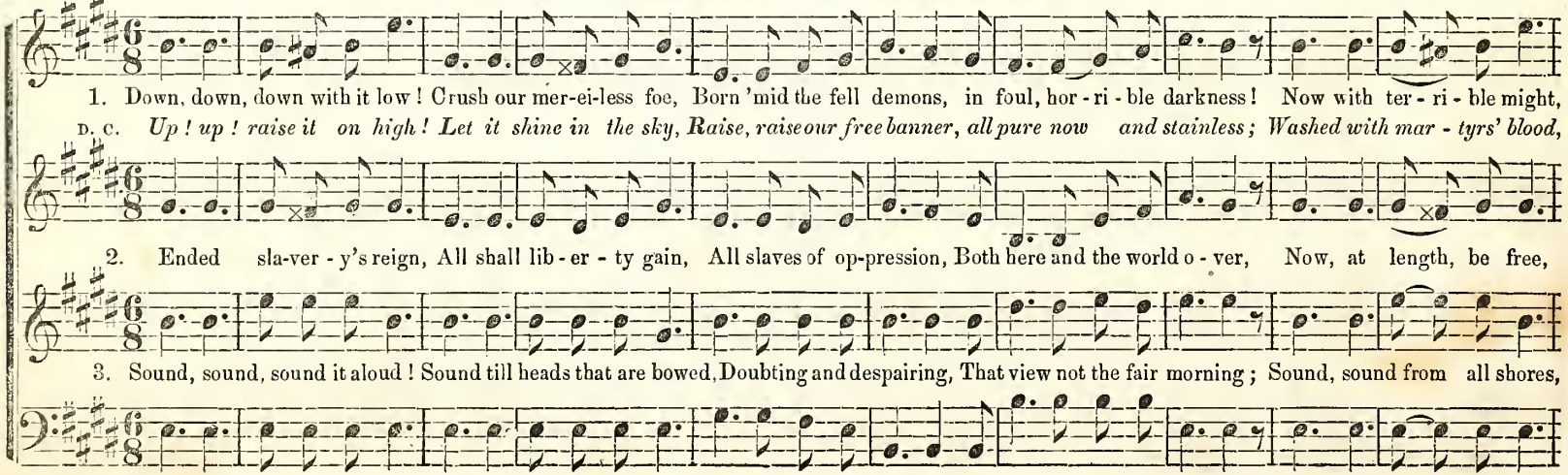


THE VOLUNTEER'S WIFE, Concluded.

CHORUS.



THE TRUMPET OF FREEDOM.



FINE.

Fain would banish the light, Blot out the sun - shine, the hope of the world. In the name of Heav'n advance to
Firm fixed o'er the dark flood, Cloud, fire, nor tem - pest our flag can re - move.

Now, at length they shall see Beau-ty for ash - es, and joy for their fears. Ours the arms to wage the glo - rious

Loud-er than o - cean roars, Loud calls the TRUM - PET OF FREE - DOM a - far. Praise the Power who call - eth us to

D. C.

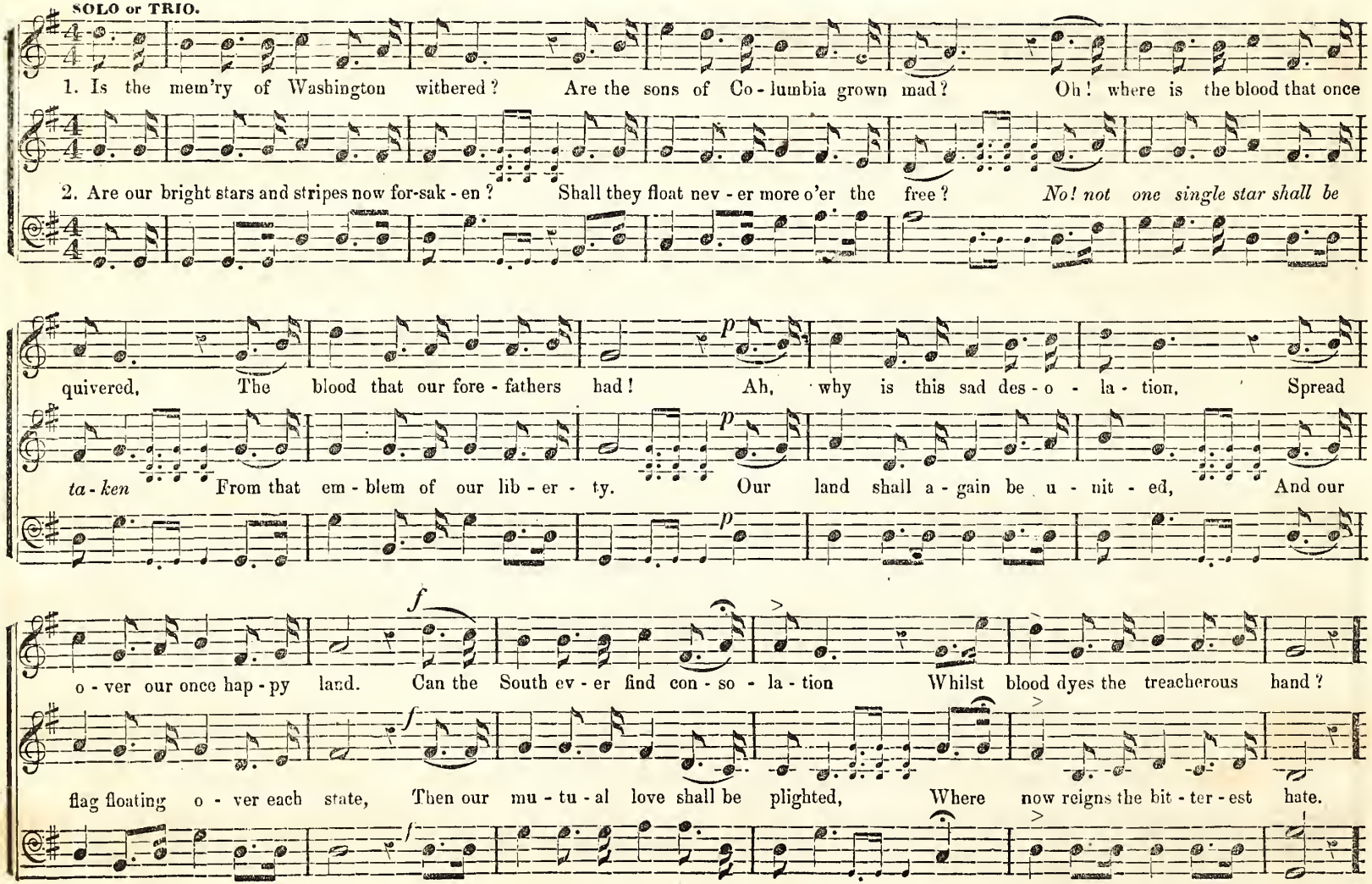
battle! Strike! strike! sev - er the captive's galling chain! For all who would the poor oppress, the day of doom is come! Hail!

conflict; With us we bear the hopes of all man-kind, And when we conquer, then will tremble tyrants ev - 'ry-where, Hail!

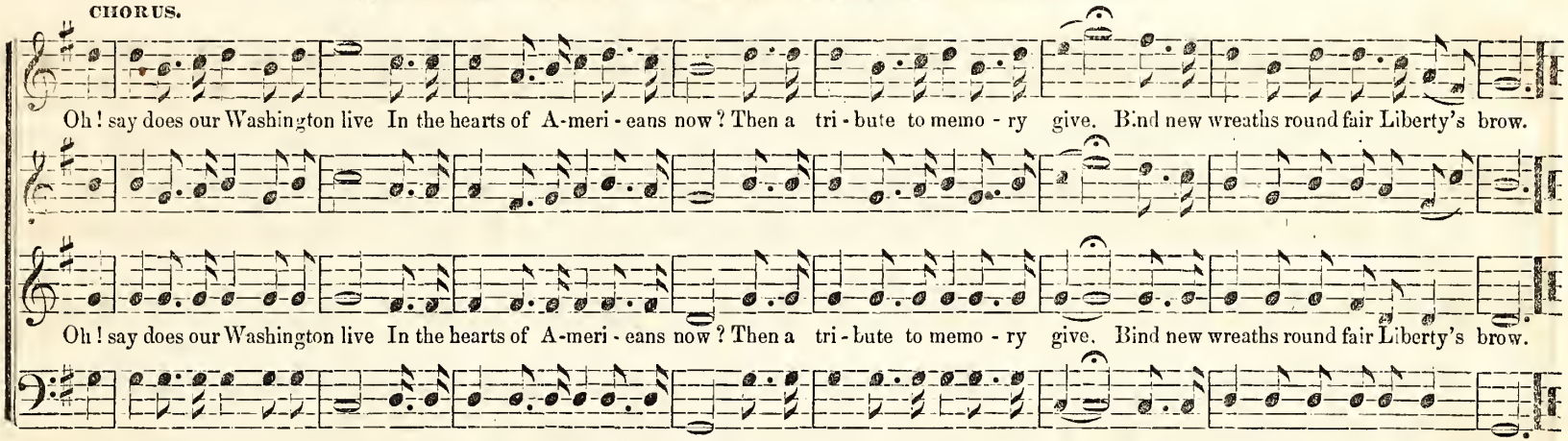
battle! Calls, and guides the brave who fight or die; For death is bet - ter than dishon - or; death or victory's ours! Hail!

NOT A STAR FROM OUR FLAG.

G. W. H. GRIFFIN.



CHORUS.



Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

OR, THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

1 O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

2 When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark, then, of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm!
With her garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

3 The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true;
The Army and Navy forever,—
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

Hail, Columbia!

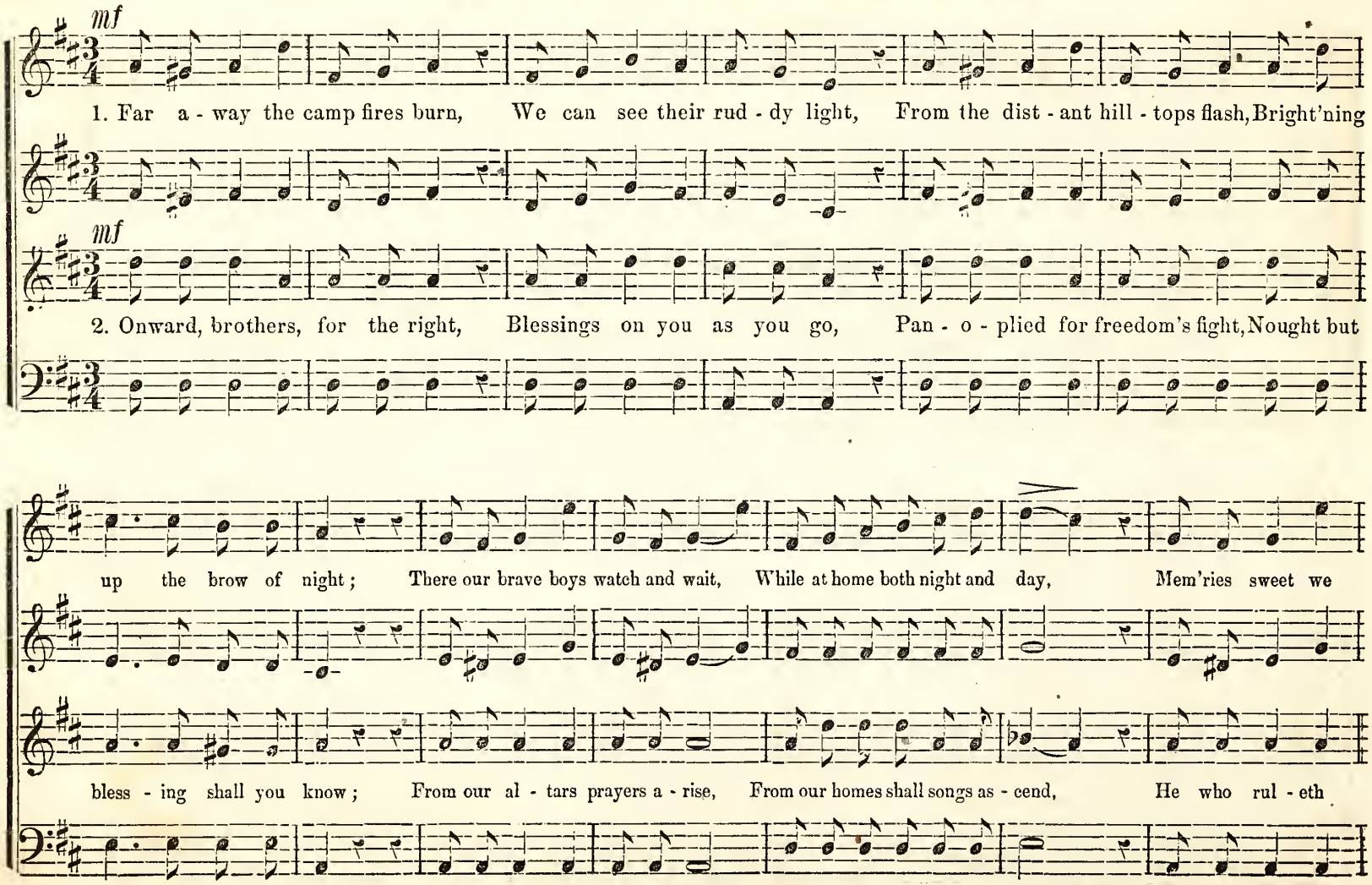
1 Hail, Columbia, happy land,
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war had gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies;

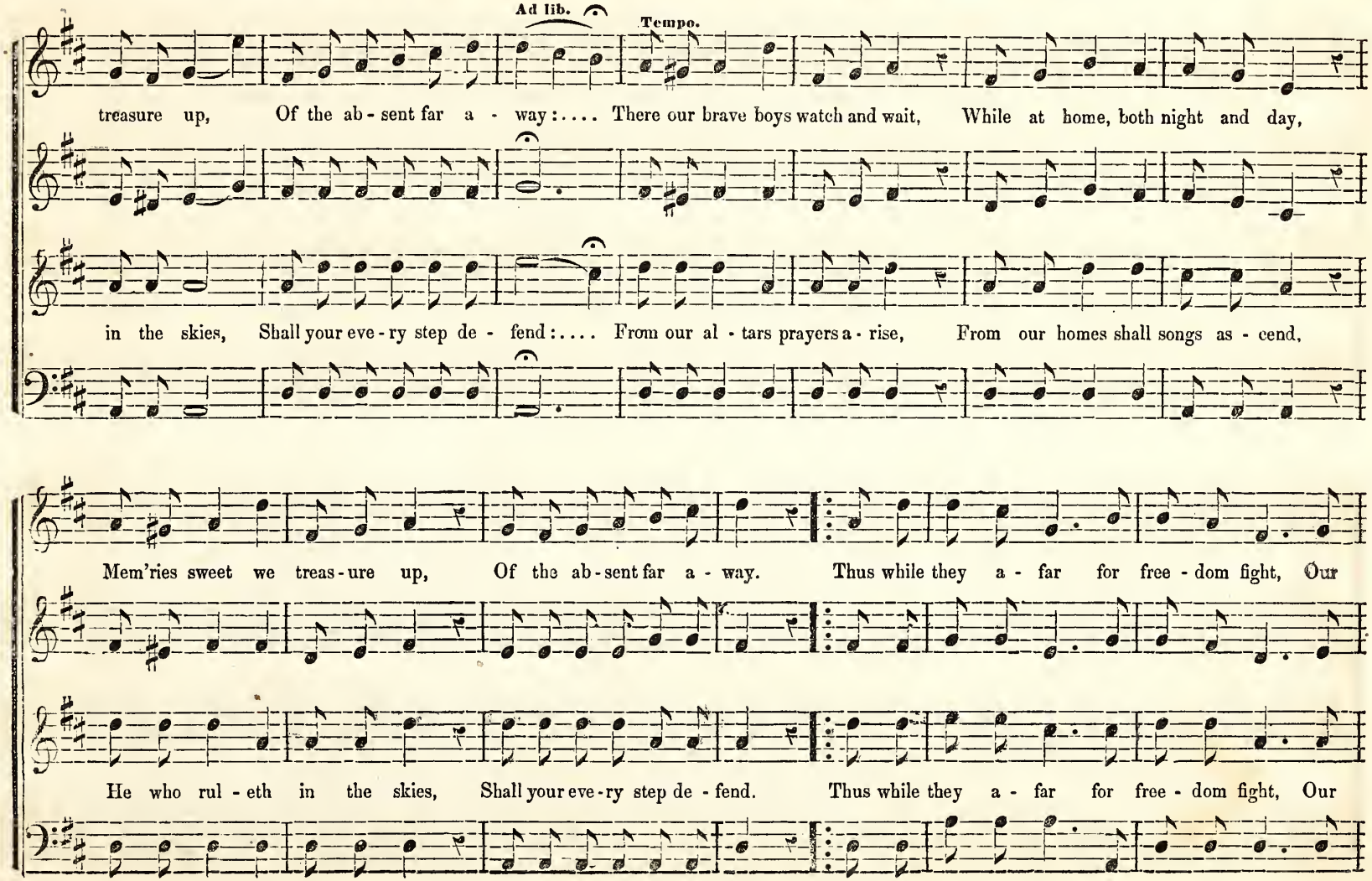
Firm united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

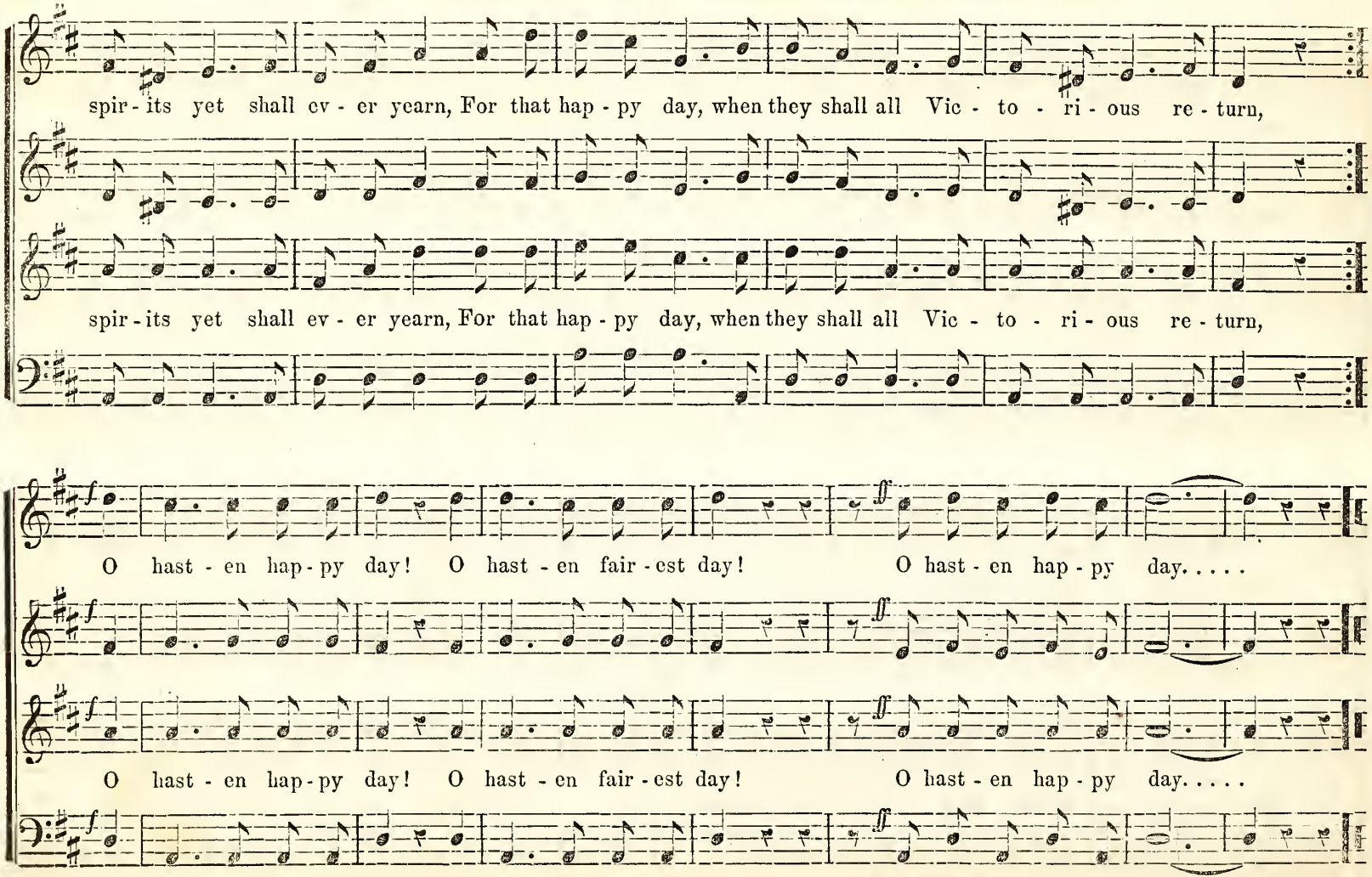
2 Immortal patriots, rise once more!
Defend our rights, defend our shore;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine, where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize;
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail;
Firm united let us be, &c.

3 Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause!
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease
The happier time of honest peace.
Firm united let us be, &c.

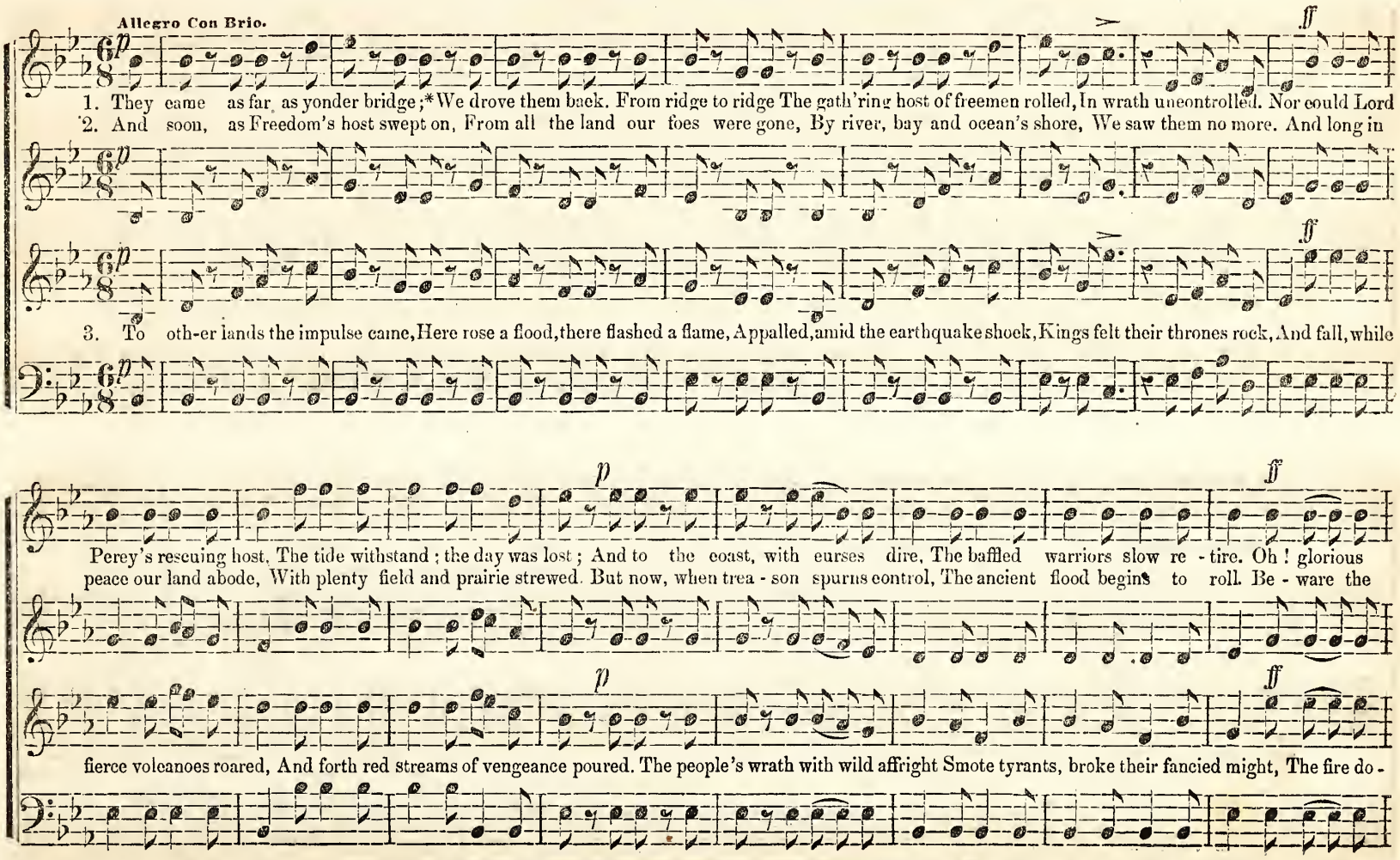
FAR AWAY THE CAMP FIRES BURN.



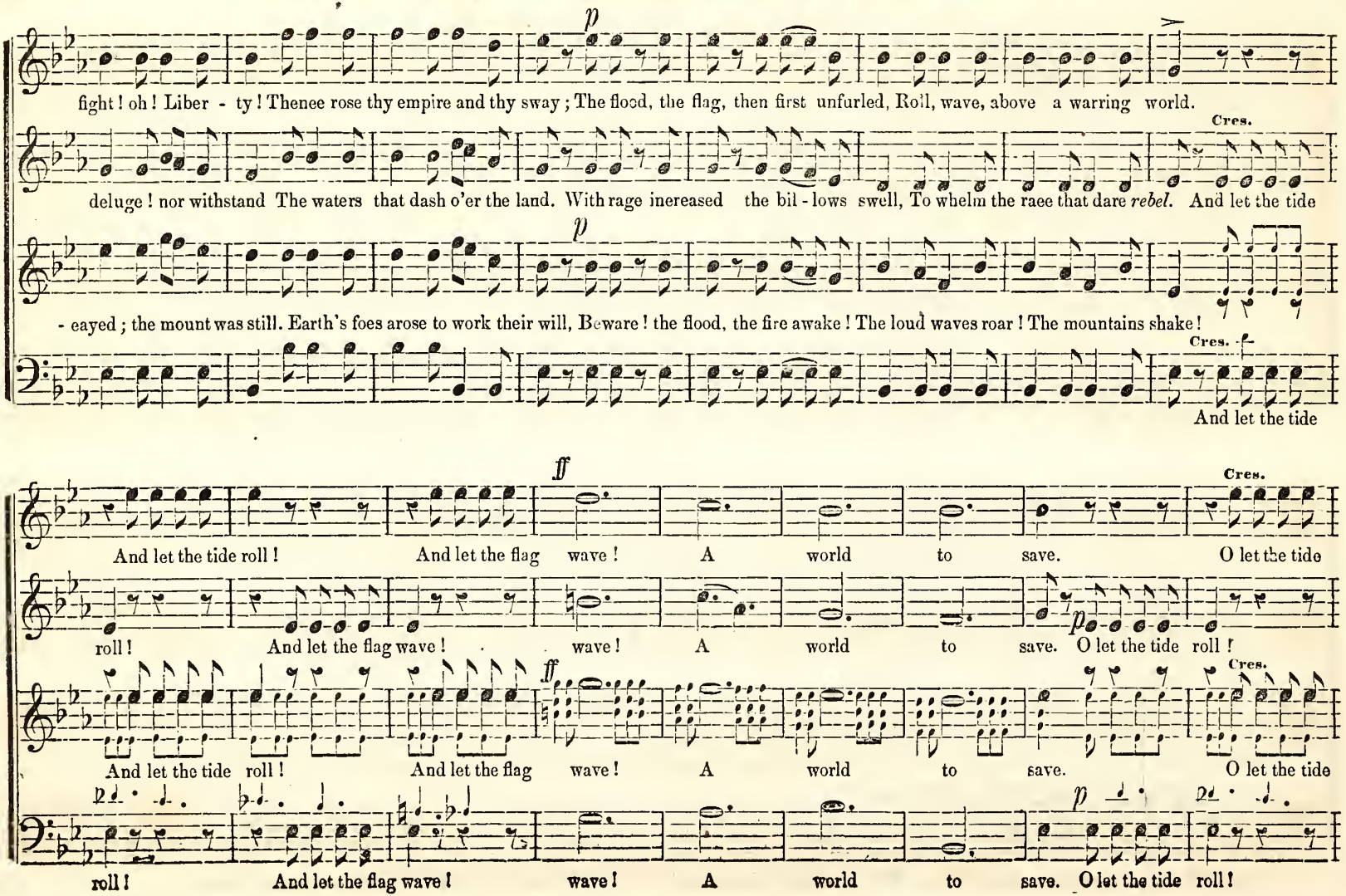

Ad lib.
Tempo.
treasure up, Of the ab - sent far a - way: .... There our brave boys watch and wait, While at home, both night and day,
in the skies, Shall your eve - ry step de - fend: .... From our al - tars prayers a - rise, From our homes shall songs as - cend,
Mem'ries sweet we treas - ure up, Of the ab - sent far a - way. Thus while they a - far for free - dom fight, Our
He who rul - eth in the skies, Shall your eve - ry step de - fend. Thus while they a - far for free - dom fight, Our

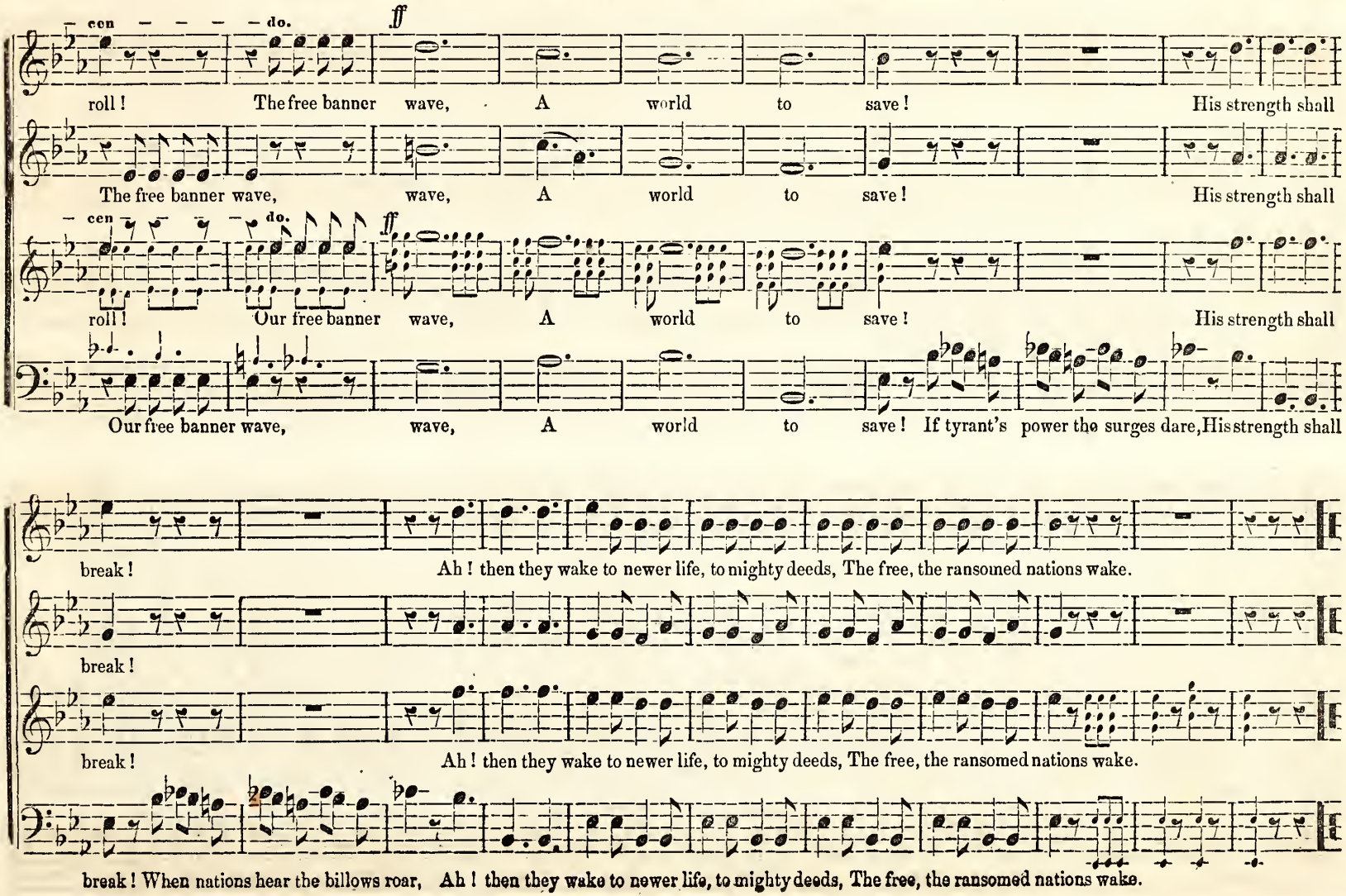

spir - its yet shall ev - er yearn, For that hap - py day, when they shall all Vic - to - ri - ous re - turn,
spir - its yet shall ev - er yearn, For that hap - py day, when they shall all Vic - to - ri - ous re - turn,
O hast - en hap - py day! O hast - en fair - est day! O hast - en hap - py day. . . . .
O hast - en hap - py day! O hast - en fair - est day! O hast - en hap - py day. . . . .

A SONG OF CONCORD FIGHT.

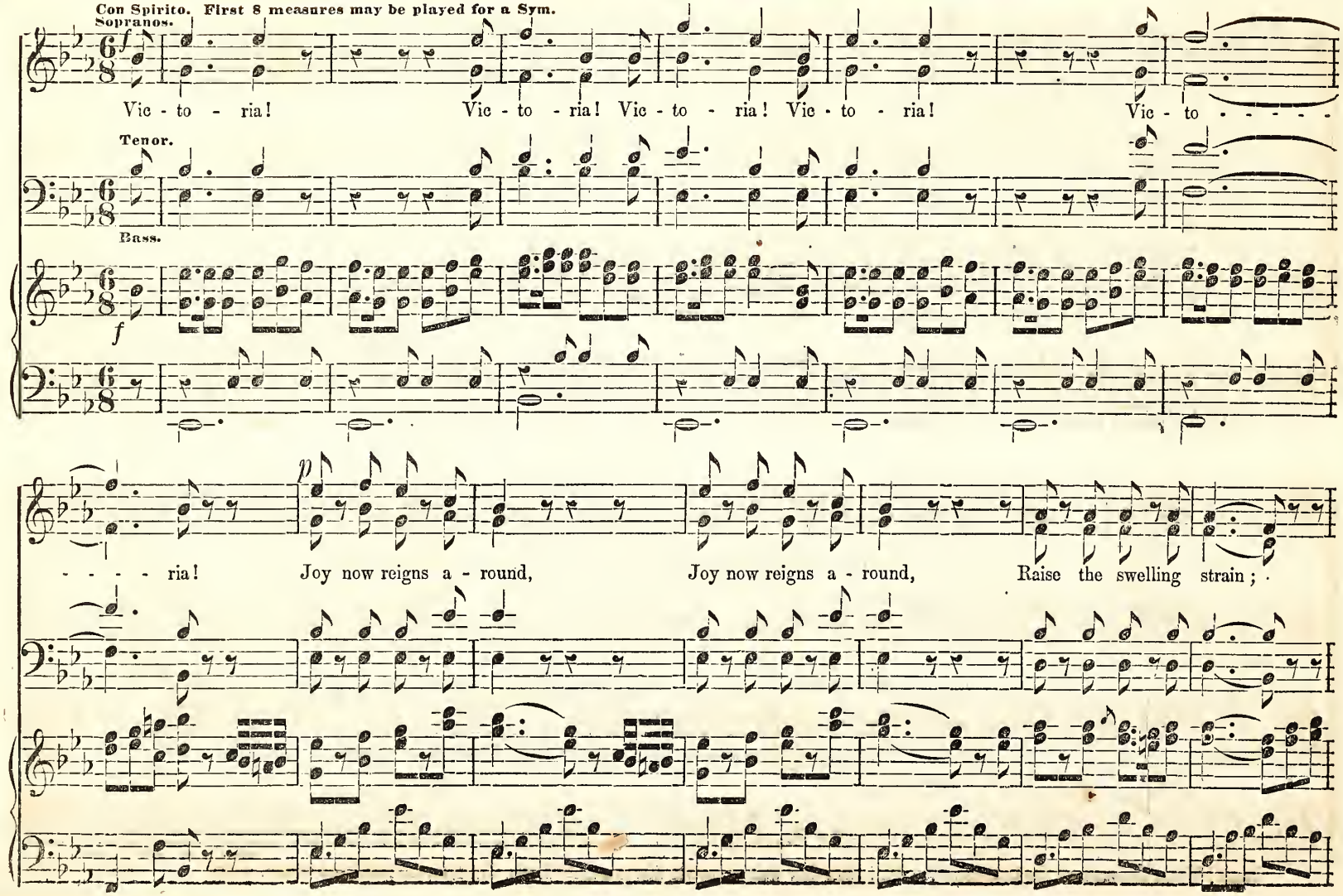


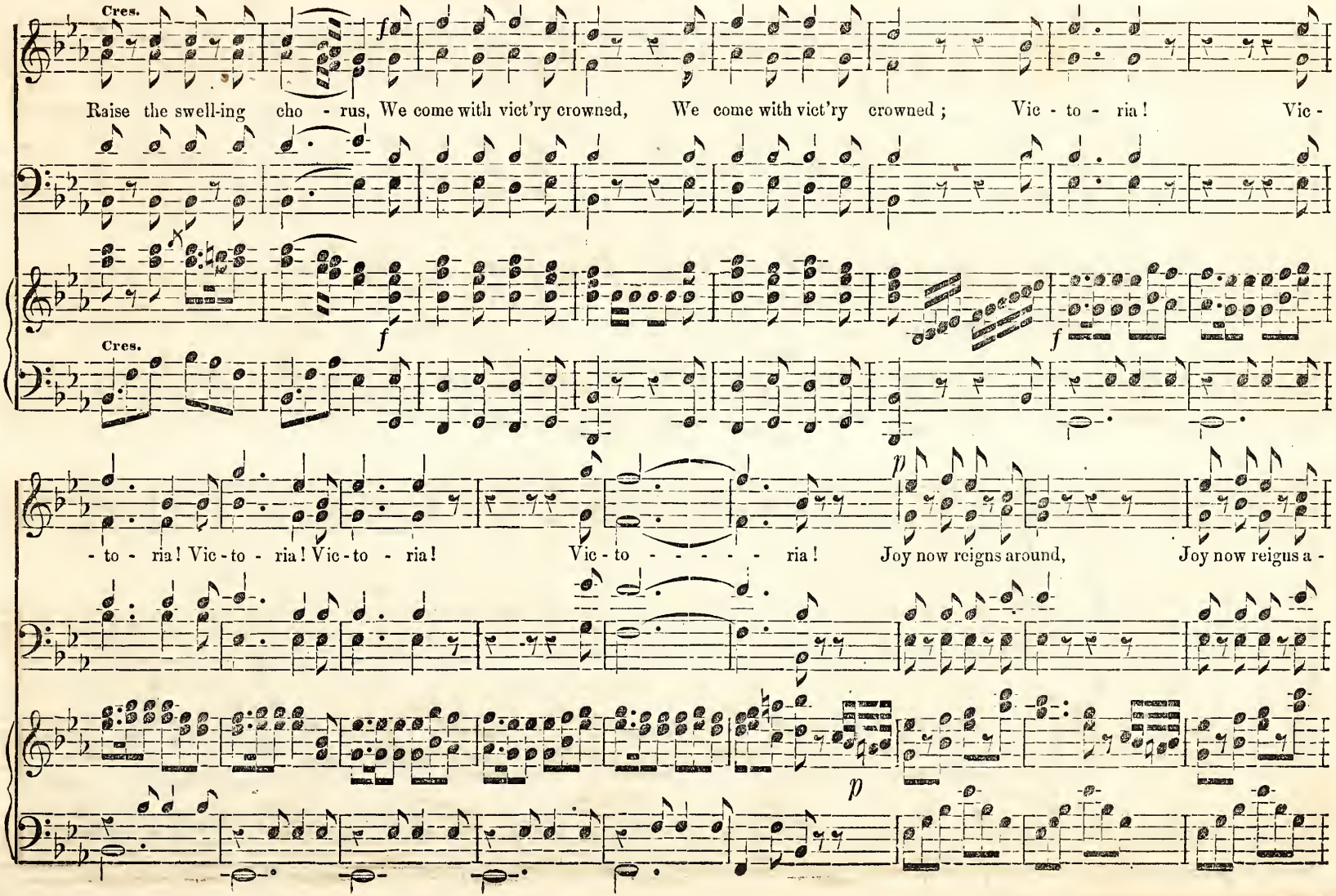
* Concord bridge, the farthest advance of the British in New England during the Revolution.

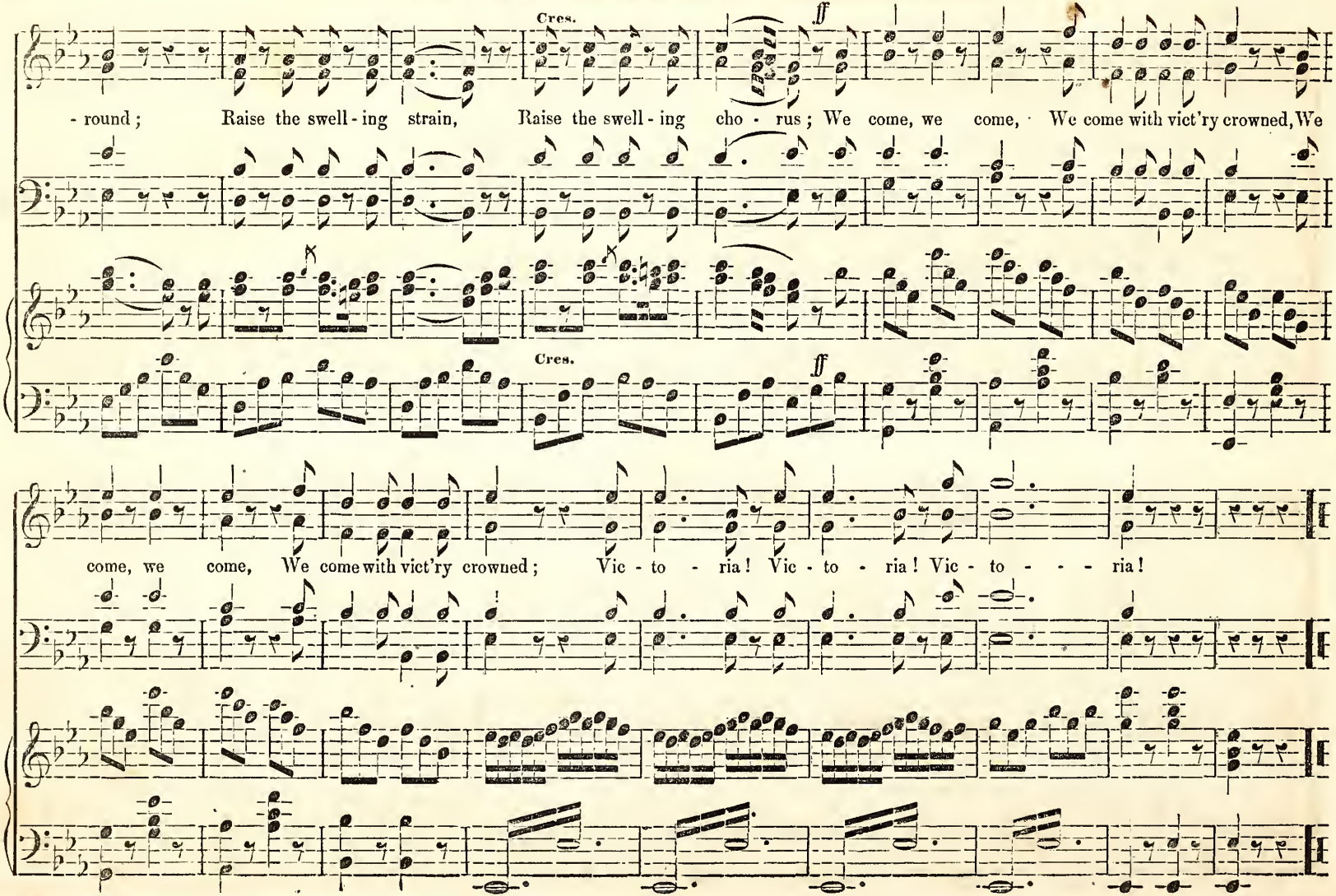

p
fight ! oh ! Liber - ty ! Thenee rose thy empire and thy sway ; The flood, the flag, then first unfurled, Roll, wave, above a warring world.
Cres.
deluge ! nor withstand The waters that dash o'er the land. With rage inereased the bil - lows swell, To whelm the raee that dare *rebel*. And let the tide
p
- eayed ; the mount was still. Earth's foes arose to work their will, Beware ! the flood, the fire awake ! The loud waves roar ! The mountains shake !
Cres.
And let the tide
ff
Cres.
And let the tide roll ! And let the flag wave ! A world to save. O let the tide
roll ! And let the flag wave ! wave ! A world to save. O let the tide roll !
ff
Cres.
And let the tide roll ! And let the flag wave ! A world to save. O let the tide
p
roll ! And let the flag wave ! wave ! A world to save. O let the tide roll !


con do.
ff
roll ! The free banner wave, A world to save ! His strength shall
The free banner wave, wave, A world to save ! His strength shall
con do. ff
roll ! Our free banner wave, A world to save ! His strength shall
Our free banner wave, wave, A world to save ! If tyrant's power the surges dare, His strength shall
break ! Ah ! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.
break !
break ! Ah ! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.
break ! When nations hear the billows roar, Ah ! then they wake to newer life, to mighty deeds, The free, the ransomed nations wake.

CHORUS. "VICTORIA! VICTORIA!"

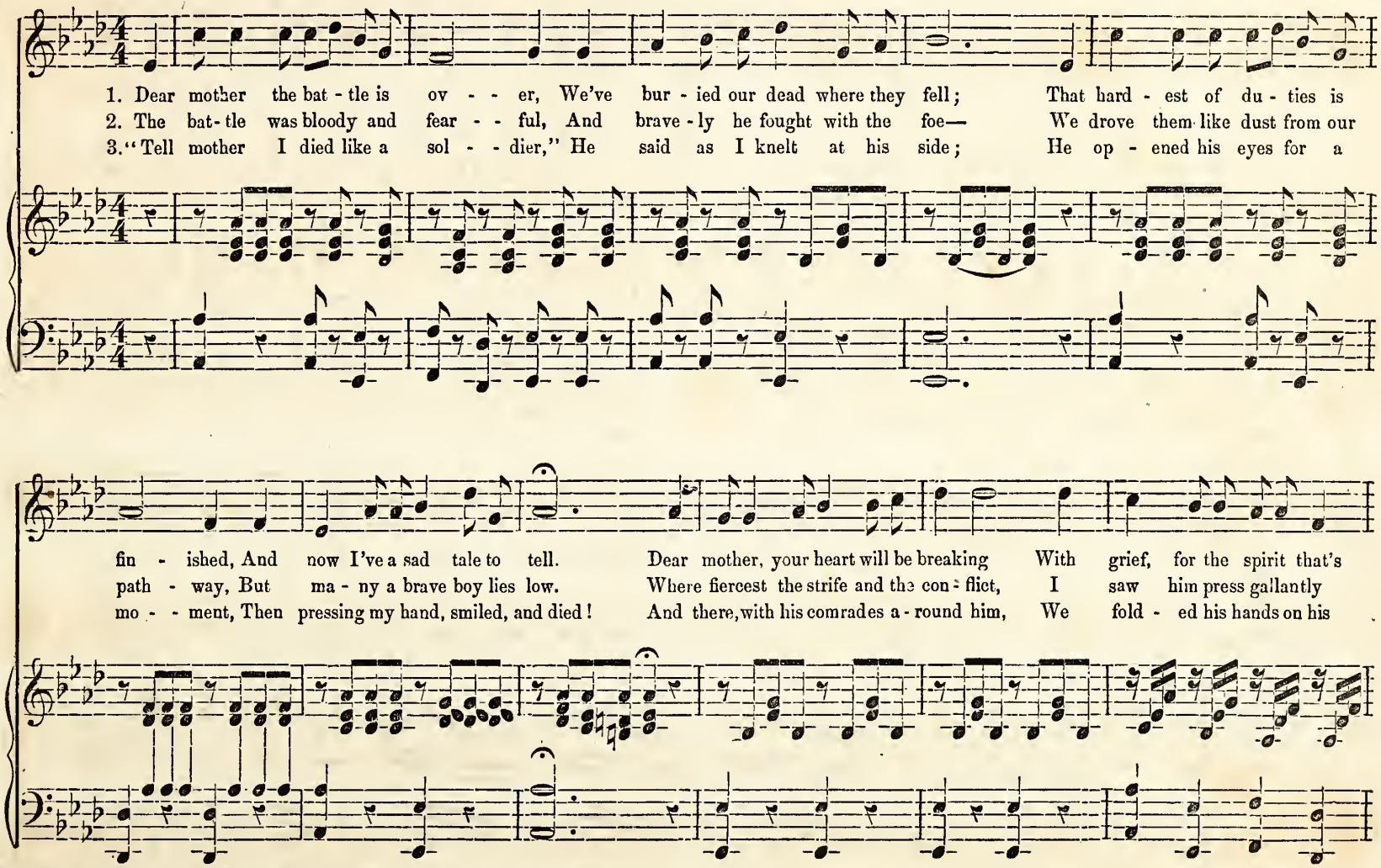



Cres.
f
Raise the swell-ing cho - rus, We come with vict'ry crowned, We come with vict'ry crowned; Vic - to - ria! Vic -
f
Cres.
f
- to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - - - ria! Joy now reigns around, Joy now reigns a -
p
p

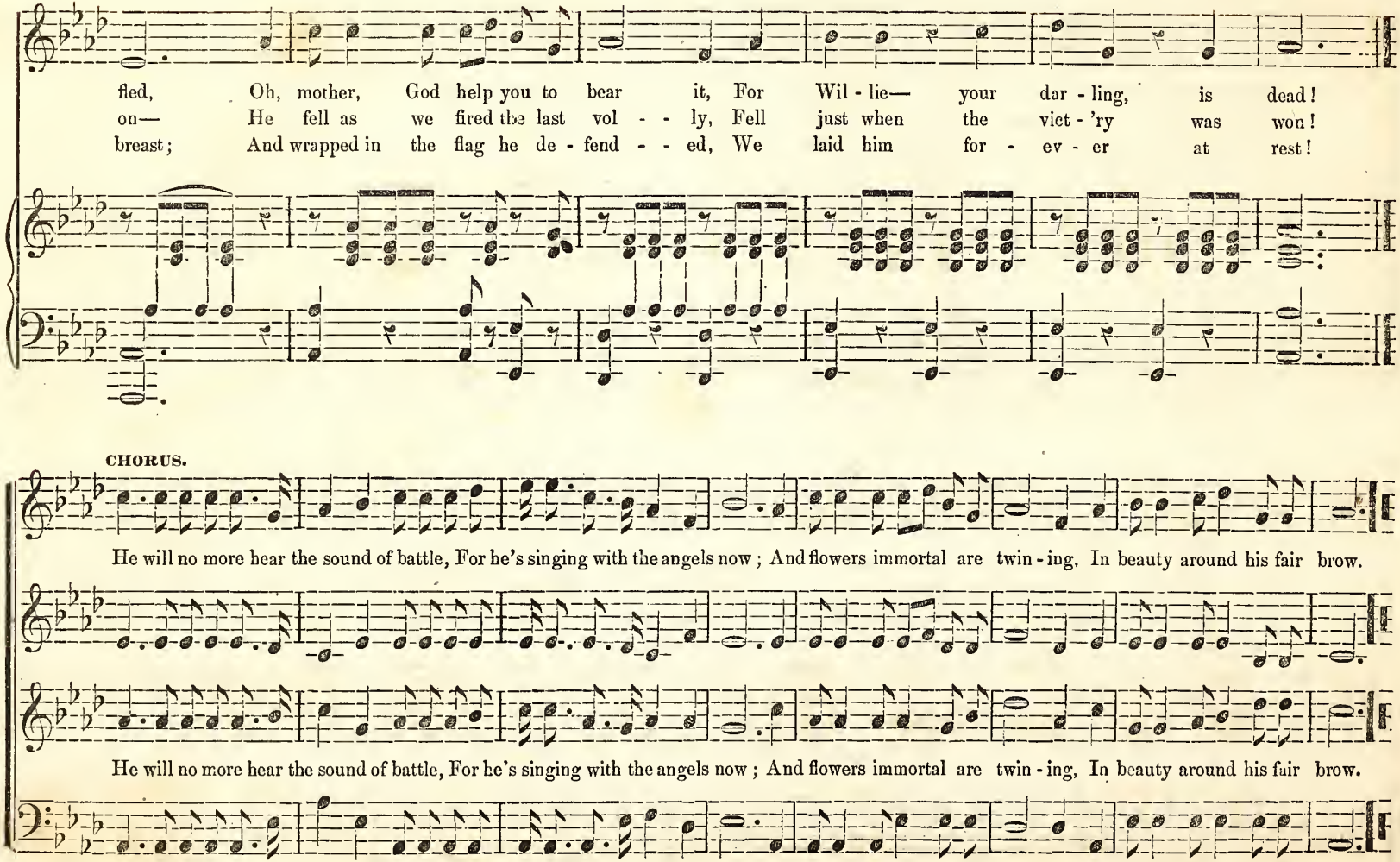

Cres.
ff
- round; Raise the swell - ing strain, Raise the swell - ing cho - rus; We come, we come, We come with vict'ry crowned, We
Cres.
ff
come, we come, We come with vict'ry crowned; Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - ria! Vic - to - - - - ria!

DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER.

HENRY FONTRILL.



DEAR MOTHER THE BATTLE IS OVER. Concluded.



Viva L'America.

[By permission of the publisher, Firth, Pond & Co.]

Noble republic! Happiest of lands,
Foremost of nations, Columbia stands!
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies,
Where shouts of liberty daily arise—
"United we stand, divided we fall;"
"Union forever;" freedom to all!

CHORUS.

Throughout the world our motto shall be,
Viva l'America! home of the free!

Should ever traitor rise in the land,
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand;
Shame be his memory; scorn be his lot;
Exile his heritage, his name a blot!
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
Granting a home and freedom to all.
CHORUS.—Throughout the world, &c.
To all her heroes justice and fame;
To all her foes a traitor's foul name!
Our "stars and stripes" still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of liberty, flag of the brave!
"United we stand, divided we fall;"
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.
CHORUS.—Throughout the world, &c.

When this cruel war is over.

OR, WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY.

[By permission of the Author, Mr. Charles Carrol Sawyer.]

Dearest love, do you remember
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at your feet?
O, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.
CHORUS.—Weeping, sad and lonely,
Hopes and fears, how vain;
Yet praying
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.
CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.
If, amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!
CHORUS.—Weeping, sad, &c.
But our country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way!
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray.
Nobly strike for God and liberty,
Let all nations see
How we love the starry banner,
Emblem of the free! CHORUS.

My Country, 'tis of thee.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty!
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty!
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

The Star-Spangled Banner.

O, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
CHORUS.—O, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam;
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
CHORUS.—'Tis the star-spangled banner—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
'Mid the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
CHORUS.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and war's desolation!
Blessed with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land,
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
CHORUS.—And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

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